Mark Hellinger Memorial

PROCEEDS NEW YORK HEART ASSOCIATION

★

To Mark

in memory of our round

the world trip in 1933.

Irving Geist

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BROWN —

"She Got Her Hoosier Up!"

By Ed Sullivan

LAST time I talked to Mark Hellinger, on the Coast, he was with his pal, Perry Charles, who also had gone from Broadway to Hollywood and Vine.

We chatted about the New York crowd — Toots, Nicky, Johnny Broderick, Billingsley, the Kriendlers, Quentin Reynolds and Mark related how co-operative Mayor O'Dwyer had been in channeling the city's facilities, to aid Mark to film "The Naked City." And then he said:

"How's Bugs and Louise—is she feeling better?"

Newspapermen and stage people always ask about Louise Baer, the Indiana girl who danced right out of a Ziegfeld show into the heart of Bugs Baer. For some time, Louise hasn't been herself, due to a cardiac condition, and all of us have been concerned about her, because she insists on doing the work of ten persons.

"Get her to slow down," urged Mark. "She ought to stop knocking herself out, trying to help people."

Tonight's monster tribute to Mark Hellinger, in this theatre, summed up by Toots Shor as "just the thing Mark would have wanted," because it has raised a vast sum, $100,000, for the New York Heart Association, was inspired by Louise Baer. She was the driving power behind all of it, her purposeful energy refusing a half-way success. She contacted newspapers for editorials and news stories, she met with columnists and sold them the bill of goods they translated into dramatic appeals for this needed money, she sold advertising in this Hellinger Memorial Journal, she arranged the fund collection booths, she talked to Mayor O'Dwyer, she thought nothing of presiding over six or seven meetings in a single day, week after week.

"Times are bad," wiser men warned her. "This isn't the year to run a successful campaign for money. Wait until next year. It can't be done."

Never tell an Indiana Hoosier a thing can't be done. Particularly, never tell it to a Hoosier girl who used to paddle in the Wabash River. It infuriates, rather than discourages them. You can see the stubbornness mount in their faces, the determined glint in their eyes. The more you argue, the stubborner they get. So Louise Baer got her Hoosier up and if you look around this Capitol Theatre tonight, you can see what happened. The man sitting next to you, in all probability, was wheedled out of $5,000; the man next to him probably gave her $1,000. They say that Andrew Mellon was some shakes as a Treasurer, but Louise Baer would make him look like a tyro. If she's not in the audience tonight, I'll make a small bet that she's "casing" Ft. Knox.

I've met a lot of extraordinary persons in 28 years as a New York writer, but this Hoosier eyeful puts them all in the shade. If she's got a heart condition, then I'll take an order of that, because during the course of this campaign, she ran us all into the ground. At 8 a.m., the phone would ring: "I'll bet you were sleeping," she'd say gaily, as though the alternative was doing a dawn polka. "I'll take care of it" you'd assure her in bloodshot tones. At 9 a.m., the phone would tinkle again. "How did you make out?" she'd ask, gently. Well, by 9:30 a.m., you'd have the deal wrapped up, because you knew that the phone would keep intruding until she was satisfied that the thing was signed, sealed and delivered — to the Heart Fund.

At committee meetings, you'd make some ad lib suggestion, you know, one of those grandstand flashes of thought. An hour later, as the meeting was about to break up, you'd find the level brown eyes of Mrs. Baer regarding you appraisingly. "Now let's work out that idea you suggested," she'd say. "It will only take a minute." She was a Pin-Up who pinned you down.

Everybody who worked with her was a personality of some sort — newspapermen, professional men, actors, actresses, doctors, industrialists, radio stars — and the temperament per square chassis had a high potential. Yet never once was there a temperamental flare-up, never a harsh word or even an arched eyebrow. Louise Baer displayed the tact of an Eisenhower, working with the "brass" of World War II. Like Gen. Ike, at Allied Headquarters, she never crowded into the spotlight. She lavished praise on each and every one of her corps commanders, and flushed when a compliment was paid to her.

When Bob Goldstein, of Universal, implemented my suggestion of a world premiere of "Naked City," which tonight has come to full life, Louise flung her arms around him, right in front of "Bugs." She went all over town, and she gets around, to extol Bob's praises. When Lou Sobol volunteered to round up the writers and artists who have contributed pieces to this program, and then followed that up by securing committee headquarters (and board), from "21", she did nip-ups. Bob Lodge, Bill Curley, Joe Heidt, Hy Gardner, Nadine Bandler, Milton Berle, Toots Shor, Bill Corum, Dave Marx, Marvin Schenck, Judge Shalleck, Julie Podell, Joe Vogel, and everyone else who were on the Hoosier team had the same experience. "You're the best dam general I ever served under" said Frank Conniff.

No adventure in fund-raising for a fine cause ever

was carried through with such magnificent spirit as this one, and the spirit stemmed from this slender Hoosier and infected the ranks. It bubbled out of her in an atomic stream.

The goal of our Entertainment Committee, in this drive, was $150,000. It looked more like $15,000,000, when Louise Baer started her one-woman campaign. When she started recruiting helpers, her targets coughed politely behind their hands or darted away on imaginary telephone calls to evade her. But when they ventured out of hiding, she was waiting for them, because she also has an appalling amount of patience. She could outwait Ripley's marching Chinese, or if needs be, she'd march with them until they all fell down. And when they fell down, brother, Louise would be there to sign them up for a contribution to the Heart Fund. Bugs Baer played a couple of dates, personal appearances, at $1,000 a night. Don't you know that Louise took the checks, turned them in to the Heart Fund?

It was fitting that Louise Baer, the greatest heart in this city of great hearts, should have spearheaded this tremendously successful drive for the Heart Fund. In the face of all the original discouragements, only a great-hearted person could have achieved what this remarkable girl has accomplished, because times were bad, in the field of money-collecting. Her fervor was needed to keep all of us on our toes, the fire in her was needed to light the spark in others, her selflessness shamed the self-centered.

If this "Naked City" of ours, conducting its annual poll, is looking for the Woman of the Year, for 1948, they can name Mrs. Bugs Baer to that high honor, and the nomination will bring a roar of acclamation from everyone who labored in this campaign, newspapermen, illustrators, managing editors, novelists and fiction writers, businessmen, from the city administration, from movie tycoons, from sports leaders, from night club operators, from hotel men, from cardiologists. And there will be shrill acclamation and endorsement from hospital wards where little children are being treated for rheumatic fever.

She has proved herself an outstanding citizen of this city, because she gave liberally of her own tiny reserve to create something that the city needed desperately. And she did it the hard way, literally rapping on doors — and rapping on hearts. "Open your hearts" she clarioned, from a cardiac ringside seat, and the city opened its huge heart and did as she asked, because they knew that she was on the level, that there was no gimmick, no shell-game coloring.

"Get her to slow down" said Mark Hellinger, in what was to be our last conversation. "She ought to stop knocking herself out, trying to help people."

If Mark could have witnessed this world premiere tonight, he would have sought out Louise Baer, shaken his head in amazement and told her: "Kid, you're sensational." And Louise would have smiled up at him and said: "Honest, Mark, I didn't do anything. It was the fellows and girls on the committee." But Mark wouldn't have believed her, for a second, and neither does New York City, nor the New York Heart Association.

They know that the dream came true because an Indiana gal who used to paddle in the Wabash, got her Hoosier up.

Drawing by Shelthase

"— and don't work too hard"

By Ben Hecht

"What'll you have?" Mark asked me. I said I wasn't drinking this night. He nodded seriously. "I hear you've been sick," he said. "That's too bad. Guys like you shouldn't get sick. It takes up valuable time."

He ordered a brandy. "I always like this place," he said. "Nice people." The Hellinger smile shone on a number of tables as if his near and dear were sitting at them.

"You've got a lot of friends," I said.

Mark chuckled. "I don't know them," he said. "Since when d'you have to know people to like them? There've been days when I've liked whole streets full of people. And probably half of them heels."

I stood up.

"Take care of yourself," Mark said, "and don't work too hard." He shook hands and beamed at me. "Glad you're feeling better."

"Good luck in your new set-up," I said.

"Thanks," Mark said. "It's going to be all right. All you got to do in Hollywood — same as New York — is keep punchin'!"

Two days later I learned I'd been talking to a man under sentence of death. Mark's name was in the headlines as a casualty.

I was not one of Mark's intimates but he left me, as much as them, a memory of courage. His face gone from the places that knew him, is like a trademark missing — a trademark of courage and good will.

VOICE FROM THE MISTS

By Hi Phillips

I

"The guy has gotta heart," you hear,
The phrase is pretty pat;
How often do we utter it—
And let it go at that?
"The guy has gotta heart," we say
Of stranger and of kin;
How often do we stop to think
What shape the heart is in?

II

We use it in the symbol sense,
And rarely think enough
About a heart as just a heart
Whose job is extra tough;
We take the "ticker" as routine,
Like Mark through years galore
And never note its burdens 'til
Some pal is there no more.

III

We squawk about our arches, yes,
And gripe about our "dogs",
We give the eyes an even break
And other working-cogs;
We note each little bellyache
Or pain in one big toe
And when the legs begin to pain
We whisper "Kid, go slow!"

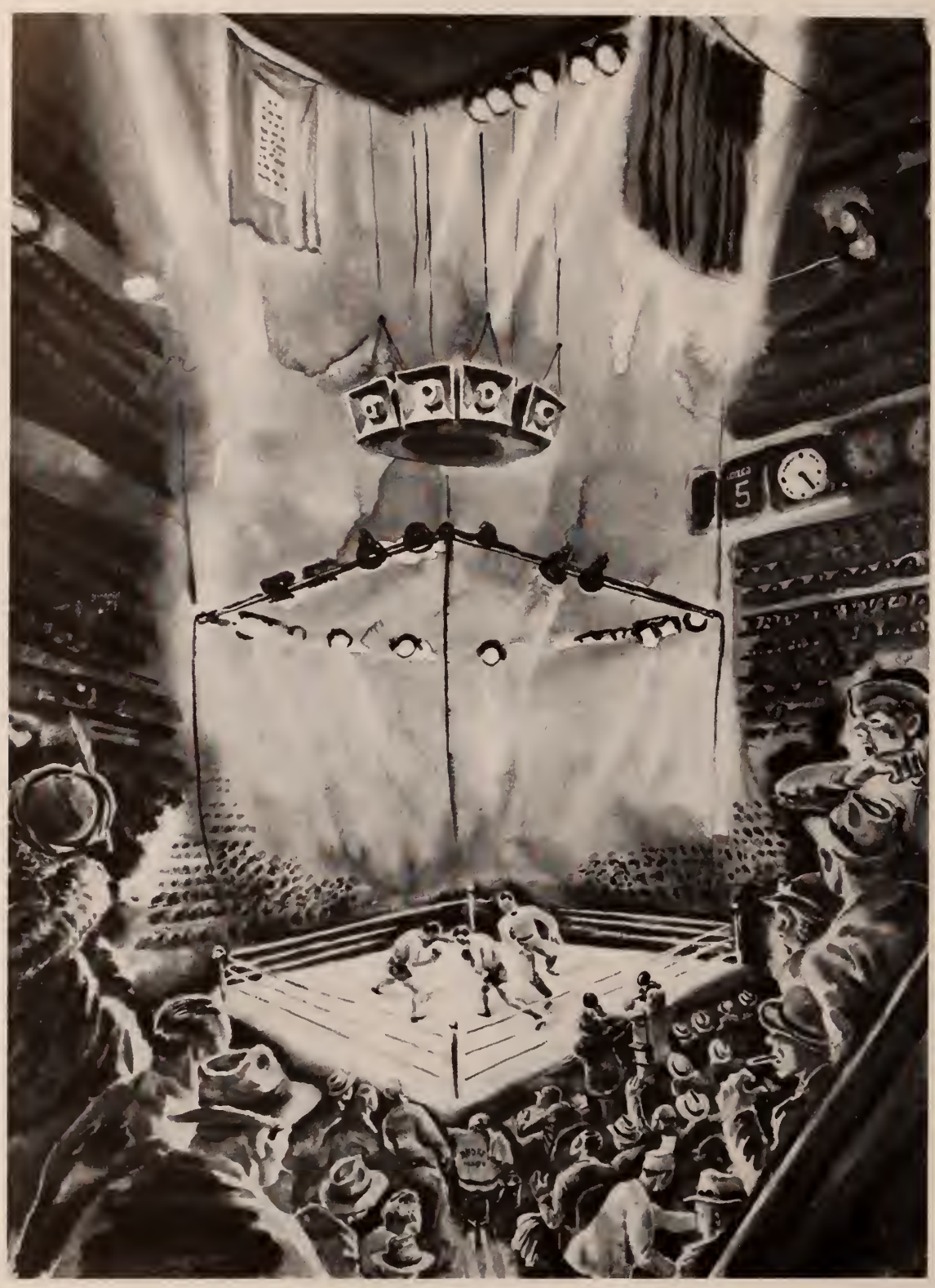
IV

We give a break to arteries
To sinew, nerve and bone . . .
But that old heart gets little thought—
It's always on its own!
Yet every minute someone dies . . .
The Reaper grunts "My dish!"
And chuckles "This is easy for
There's little opposish!"

V

But now the battle can be joined—
The lines drawn, row on row
By you and me and everyone
Against a deadly foe.
A figure's standing in the mists—
He beckons through the dark . . .
And whispers "You can help a lot" . . .
And we say "Okay, Mark!"

Drawing by Russell Patterson



Painting from the Orbach Collection, "Madison Square Garden" by Georges Schreiber

Mark Hellinger Is Still Champion

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

At THE bier of the sports promoter Jack Curley I was surprised to hear the fine looking old minister say, "We have conquered death."

I took another look at old Jack and he was certainly dead. Then I realized what the minister meant. He meant we have conquered death because the rest of us were there alive.

We were there, Runyon, Mercer, Igoe, Rice, Farnsworth and the other writers to honor a man who had as many friends in his generation as Mark Hellinger had in this.

And that, in conquering death, we were like the coral polyps building one upon the other from the green fathomless depths, rising through the ages, until they finally break the surface and a new atoll is born.

A new haven in the sunshine with birds, trees and shelter. A place for ships to anchor, fish to be found and pearls to be searched for. And, like the marine anthozoans and millepores, man shall build upon man until he breaks the surface of the ageless unknown and emerges into the radiance and security of medical knowledge.

And, in the conquest of death, Mark Hellinger serves twice with the proceeds of his picture "Naked City" going to battle against the Number One Killer, heart disease.

"I didn't know Mark Hellinger"

By Igor Cassini

(CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER)

I DIDN'T know Mark Hellinger. Ours were different beats. He was my colleague, yet our paths never crossed. But in my own journalistic sphere, I knew a person, who like Mark, seemed to possess all the gifts that life can offer to make itself worth living.

No one who had ever seen Melba MeMartin Orr Van Buren could possibly associate death with her name. Beautiful, wealthy, a veritable queen of society, she was vibrant in the fullest sense of the word. She had everything to live for, and died just when she had most reason to live. She was still a young woman, the mother of two devoted children, when she married David Van Buren in January, 1946. Heart Disease felled her in June of the following year.

It was then that I fully realized that death is the greatest "democrat" of all. It draws no boundary lines between rich, poor, the talented, the commonplace. It takes its choice according to some unfathomable caprice . . . and Heart Disease is its most powerful agent.

My predecessor, Maury Paul, called Melba "one of the most luxurious women of the decade." Her town house, her Florida home, her jewels, furs, cars were legend. Said Paul: "Melba makes most of 'em look like a plugged nickel when she's '*en grande tenue*' "... But her possessions weren't worth a plugged nickel when Heart Disease struck, pitilessly, swiftly and finally.

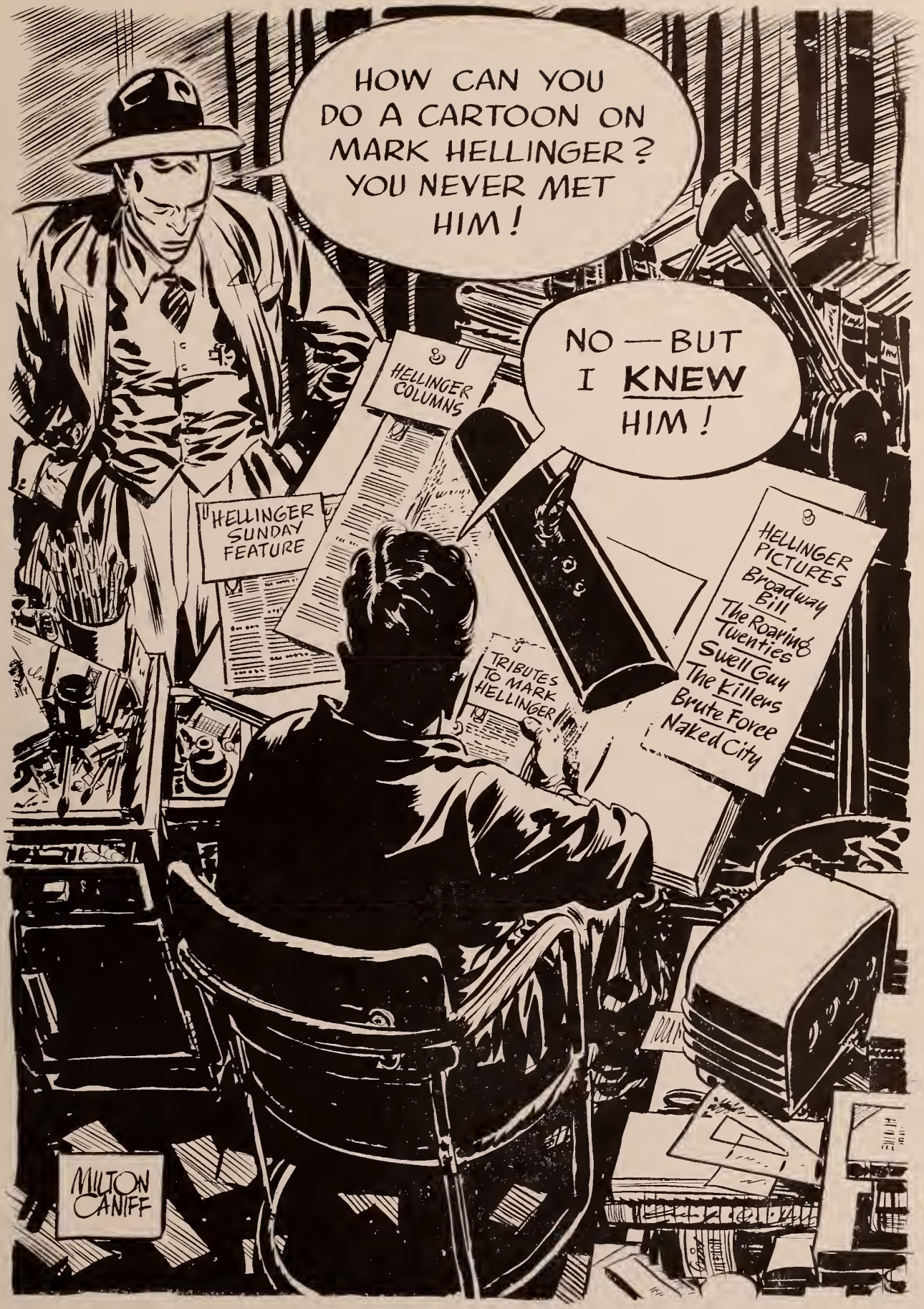
Melba loved life, gaiety, having people around her. It was nothing extraordinary for her to decide to give a party on the spur of the moment, to surround herself with hundreds of admiring guests, with festive decorations, with music. And always, she was the center of attraction, a gracious hostess, the most lovely woman in the room. There is no music now for Melba Van Buren.

But all of us can help the music of life play on a little longer for people like Melba and Mark, for your family, friends, for those whom you've never even met.

There have been many like Melba and Mark. One had tremendous talent, the other beauty and millions. And for each dollar in Melba's fortune, for each word that Mark ever wrote, there are as many, and more, lost lives. Lives cut short, prevented from fulfilling their promise by the Nation's Number One killer . . . Heart Disease.

Death cannot be halted, but it can be bargained with. Medical Science is now striving to challenge its harsh and inexorable terms. We can help science even up the final score.

And remember, it doesn't matter who you are, where you live or how you live . . . that has nothing to do with it. That makes no difference at all.


HOW CAN YOU DO A CARTOON ON MARK HELLINGER? YOU NEVER MET HIM!
NO — BUT I KNEW HIM!
HELLINGER COLUMNS
HELLINGER SUNDAY FEATURE
TRIBUTES TO MARK HELLINGER
HELLINGER PICTURES
Broadway Bill
The Roaring Twenties
Swell Guy
The Killers
Brute Force
Naked City
MILTON CANIFF

Goodbye, Sweet Friend!

By Louis Sobol

THIS is not the time to play around with words, fitting them neatly into an attractive pattern so that the man in the subway, the girl in the chorus dressing room, the drink mixer behind the bar, the broker in his office, will read and say "Isn't that a beautiful tribute!"

This is the time to put into the simplest of words what weeps out from the heart, sincerely and truthfully.

Mark Hellinger, my friend, is gone.

Mark Hellinger of the gay stories, the generous purse, the open heart — Mark, the tolerant pal, the sympathetic listener, the quiet benefactor is no longer with us.

Mark Hellinger, newspaperman, fictioneer, and picture producer who was the friend of doormen and financiers, waiters and tycoons, showgirls and diplomats — for whom hundreds of typewriters under the tapping of sorrowful newspapermen's fingers are clicking out the words telling the world of his career and of his end — is dead — and one reporter would like to go off into a quiet corner and cry.

In Hollywood and on Broadway last night, the boys gathered and drank their toasts in the Hellinger fashion. Not one puny symbolic drink of tribute — but drink after drink until some were speechless and others were incoherent and others were unconscious. For that is the way they wanted it to be — as Mark, himself, would have had it — as Mark, himself, would have drunk at the passing of a close friend.

They're telling the stories which will soon be legend about this remarkable fellow. Of his prodigality — his lavish gratuities to anyone serving him — the dozens of occasions when he came to the aid of friends and acquaintances — his love for the colorful characters of the underworld and his preachments to them. They were telling these stories last night at the home of Toots Shor where the boys dropped in and spent the entire day and night repeating the Hellinger saga.

Mike Romanoff was there and Paul Douglas, Bill Corum, Joe Di Maggio, and George Jessel, newspapermen and actors, restaurateurs and bartenders. Dozens of them foregathered — and there was laughter and what seemed cheer and ribald exchanges — and you wouldn't suspect for a second unless you listened and looked — that grown men, hardboiled and sophisticated were really crying — each after his fashion.

O, you are going to read some mighty fancy prose today and tomorrow and through the week about this gracious friend but it will all add up to something very simple and sincere.

Everyone loved Hellinger.

What a lovable extrovert he was with his dark gray shirts and his dark brown shirts and his dark blue shirts — and always that white tie by way of illumination. How he gloated as he snidely lured the unsuspecting victims into drinking with him — a toast to the wife — a toast to the mother — a toast to the U. S. A.! What gratification was his wagering huge sums on an underdog — the obscure fighter, the hopeless grid team, the 20-to-1 long-shot — when his judgment was vindicated!

No man loved living or life so much and always in the grand fashion. He wooed and won Ziegfeld's most beautiful girl — Gladys Glad. He wanted to be a columnist — he became one of the nation's best. He wanted to be a part of show business. He wrote shows for the greatest of showmen — Ziegfeld. The picture business appealed to him. He became a scenarist — and then a topflight producer.

His home was fantastic in its opulence. A huge mansion — extensive landscaped acres — a playhouse with a private projection room — electrically operated gates. Because he liked the idea — after having scoffed when he saw it in a play, he had those pull cords in his home to summon butlers or maids. No simple little pushbuttons for Mark.

No one could pick up a check when Hellinger was around. Once, in Hollywood, I arranged for a little party of eight. It was my party — my idea. Mark and Gladys were only two of the invited guests. But though I stormed and fumed and threatened, when it came time to pay the check, the cafe owner kept insisting apologetically there was nothing he could do. Hellinger had taken care of it — and he couldn't afford to offend him.

I never realized how limited this space was — because now I do want to write and tell you all I knew about the fellow — why through the years I had come to respect and love him.

I guess, though, you all suspect what this is about. You can't hide tears — not even in print.

Drawing by Bradshaw Crandell

The last curtain left a star which shines ever so brightly.

"——— so young at 44,"

By Paul Gallico

I GET the feeling that when Mark Hellinger starts conning through his obits with that funny little smile curling the corner of his mouth, a smile I always felt was more tenderness than cynicism, there'd better be a piece on hand from his old friend and pupil and sparring partner, saying, "I hope it's good where you are, Mark. I'll be seeing you one of these days."

Just like that, sort of off-the-shoulder and hard-boiled with never a hint that you loved the guy and are going to miss him even if you didn't see much of him in years past when he was on the Coast, because in the Broadway tradition you don't wear your feelings on your sleeve. It is even the Broadway pose that you haven't any at all and can take guys or leave 'em.

Of course, it's a fake, because you get to thinking of Mark, so young at 44, snatched out of the effervescent life he so loved to live and the friends and the characters and the people, and sealed away in a box, and then you realize that he was dear to you and so you quickly get tough about it, lest anybody catch on, and give him the quick wave and the "So long, kid!"

Mark and I were friends when the Daily News was a pup down on Park Place in New York. His desk was not far from mine. He was the Broadway columnist and I wrote the sports column, and between us, to drum up trade, we started the first of those phony columnists' feuds in which we abused one another in our respective pillars, staying up nights to think of new insults and new gags to pull on one another. But inside the office, and out too, ours was a warm relationship in which Mark, six years my junior, was the mentor and I the incredibly naive and dunderheaded pupil.

For Hellinger, young as he was, was filled with that particular species of wisdom and knowledge of human beings and their complex relationship with life that comes with exposure to the Broadway beat. I saw life only as a beautiful illusion, a complete unreality. Mark, who, at a very tender age, had no illusions left, loved life and people as they were and not as anyone pretended they were. Hellinger was the bigger man.

He tried to teach me, to show me, to point out to me, the pale, unreal colors of the vale that I inhabited and introduce me to the richer shades that lay behind them. I thought that I was right and he was wrong. So we remained just affectionate playmates. But at least I did get the chance to say to him the last time I saw him in California, some years back, "Kid, were you right!" One always learns the hard way those things one's friends try to pour out with limitless generosity.

Most of Mark's short stories have a twist of cynicism at the end, for he loved the snapper and the fast gag, but this was his protective coloration so that he would blend in with the mob he wrote about and escape detection for the softy he was. He did not escape because he had the love of everyone who knew him. I never heard of an enemy of Mark Hellinger.

A funny epitaph they wrote the guy when he succumbed to a heart attack at the height of his success as writer, journalist and moving picture producer. They wrote him up as a big tipper and a picker-up of tabs and dinner checks. It was true enough, but there were so many more things to say of Mark Hellinger when he died. He was sweet. He was kind. He was gentle. He was honest and he was good. He worked hard. He never double-crossed his friends. He was rich in talent and with his talents he enriched his times.

Before he died he had pulled himself aloft by his bootstraps from a nobody to a national figure. When he died, he left too large a hole to fill in the hearts of many, including my own.

♥

Photo by Weegee

MARK HELLINGER'S life was a far too short short story.

As a reporter I feel I should write about him because the death of this great lover of life, the best beloved man in the history of Broadway, whose blue shirts and white ties were famous, and whose check-grabbing made Johnny Meyer look stingy, has jolted Our Street as no other death since F.D.R's.

He died, of course, in Los Angeles, and there was sort of an East Coast wake for him throughout the day and night at Toots Shor's apartment with Joe Di Maggio, Quentin Reynolds, Paul Douglas, Al Horwits and others mourning the Swell Guy who died at only 44.

Never in the Broadway writing racket, I knew him less than others.

But I remember a midnight interview last summer at the Sherry-Netherland — which I never wrote.

After talking to him I thought that somebody ought to suggest to God a couple of improvements He could make on earth. Here was a terrific success as a Hollywood producer, killing himself with work to defend the position he'd attained.

"You work pretty hard?" I asked.

"Harder now than I ever have in my life."

Then or very soon after, he knew he might be going soon. Suffering a bum ticker, he spent 4 days in an oxygen tent last summer. We know that now. We didn't know it when he was here.

Hellinger was a monument of generosity, not merely among columnists, whose frugality is notorious, but among spenders. Explaining his check-grabbing once to perhaps his dearest friend, Toots Shor, he said:

"I'm afraid if somebody else grabs it, they won't leave the waiter enough."

He'd been a half-waiter, half-cashier at a spot called the Redhead in '22 and said the thrill of getting a 2-buck tip when you expected a dime was unforgettable. He tipped waiters $5, and busboys, hatcheckgirls and cab drivers $1 each.

He spent though he didn't have it.

Seeing his lavish tips, Toots Shor, years back, asked him for a $500 loan.

"How much did you say, kiddie?" said Mark, employing his favorite salutation.

"Five hundred."

"All I got's four hundred. You can have that," said Mark.

Hellinger would have been 45 in March, when he would have received a considerable inheritance. His various movie advancements would have soon made him one of the biggest men in Hollywood if not in America.

But on the day he died his wife, Gladys, called Toots Shor and said "Our boy has left us."

He loved to live and he loved to work, and he spent his life as though it were merely money.

By Earl Wilson

Adventure, Mark, Adventure!

By Walter Winchell

MARK HELLINGER is dead. . . . Sherwood Forest has its classic legend. and now New York City has one of similar pattern. . . . Mark Hellinger was the Robin Hood of Broadway. He had a gift for laughter and a heart so light for himself that it eagerly took on the burdens of others. . . . Robin Hood wore the feather of chivalry in his hat — but Mark wore his in his heart. . . . One says much when he says that a man is gay and gallant. But that is the very least that can be said of Mark.

Perhaps because he started as a cashier in Greenwich Village. he discovered early all the things that money couldn't buy. . . . The clang of the cash register never found echo in his heart. . . . Mark was profligate with his earnings — but he was even more generous with his affections. And, apparently, what comes from the heart returns to the heart.

As he grew in understanding he grew even more in sympathy. It is an understatement to say that Mark loved his fellowman. He had love for life and compassion for everything that lived. . . . The jingle of coins was deaf in his ear, but a cry of pain was a tocsin in his heart. . . . Distress distressed him. He was happy in his heart, and like every happy heart, he wanted every other heart to be happy, too. . . . He took the misfortunes of others as a personal challenge; and no knight of old ever gave braver battle for the weak than Mark Hellinger for the unfortunate and the unlucky of New York. . . . He did far more than battle for the underdog. He believed in him.

We started our Broadway carecrs together. I was on the Vaudeville News and he was on another theatrical paper. That was 25 years ago — 1922. . . . we covered the Texas Guinan beat together in 1924. We had a pact then that I would write his obit notice. if I survived. and he would write mine, if he survived. . . . We promised each other we would omit none of the virtues — because those who love life too much are not without fault. . . . But a man's deeds live longer in the hearts of his friends than words that come forth from a typewriter. . . . So I'm considering my bargain fulfilled when I say that I'm leaving Mark to the love in people's hearts that he himself created.

Along about 1924 Mark went to the Daily News as a top reporter — about the same time I started for the Graphic. . . . In 1925 Mark started his Sunday page. He had the O. Henry touch. In an age when the nation was tossing its hat in the air to applaud the financial winners and its cash on the counters to duplicate them — Mark's great interest was people. In the frenzied rush of the nation to find the Midas touch — Mark kept the common one.

Mark fell in love with a beautiful girl, Gladys Glad. Beautiful as she is to look at, her soul is even more so. She returned Mark's affection — which not even the oceans can measure — and they were happily married. . . . It is one of the saddest realities of this life that the depth of devotion is the measure of the depth of grief.

Mark left the editorial rooms for Hollywood. He was as well loved in the Movie Colony as he was on Broadway. . . . He had the same disregard for money, but he had a whole lot more of it. But Mark ran true to form; the only time he ever looked at his bank account was to see how much he could give away.

His pictures packed punch. They were part of Mark's background. . . . Broadway, in the 20s, was filled with people seeking life — and Fate presided, not with a gavel but with a sledgehammer. . . . The pace was terrific — and so was the impact. . . . Mark was not only part of it but saw it all. Whatever effect he produced on the screen had been recorded before and indelibly on his own soul. . . . Mark was a very sensitive man — as are all men of boundless sympathy. He sized life up as a very hard game, where the top dog got the break and the underdog got the heartbreak. . . . In the game of life. while everybody was crowding around the winner, Mark was anxiously engaged in assuring himself that the loser had carfare home. That alone ought to assure him safe passage to the Great Somewhere.

Mark always kidded me because I didn't drink. It would please him to know that I'm drinking a toast to a very great guy — with his very own drink — "two pink ones." . . . And if he were present, he'd be comforting me; not I him. To even his own passing he would give his own toast — which so very deeply reflected his own love of life. . . . Timeless times he has lifted his glass to me and grinned — "Adventure, Walter, adventure!"

And so a guy is gone who made an art of friendship. . . . People who hardly knew him liked him. And those who knew him loved him. . .. No man could have a better friend than Mark — and no man had more of them. . . . Mark Hellinger went out in the style in which he lived and in the style in which he wrote — the O. Henry magic — the Damon Runyon touch. . . . It was typical Hellinger script. A tug at the heart — a lump in the throat and a sudden surprise ending.

Just one thing more. . . . Back in the old days, the two biggest things in our lives were our typewriters — and the Morris Plan. Mark would sign as my co-maker — and I'd sign as his. . . . Our greatest subject of common interest was the interest on each other's notes. It gave us many a laugh in the later years — as part of the adventure that Life always is. . . . Maybe that's all that a human heartbeat is — a demand note held by Fate. . . . Well, Mark's note to Fate has been called without notice — but not even Fate itself can call the note he struck in the hearts of his friends. He does not go alone. There are hundreds of people who could certify to his Great Maker — that he was first in the hearts — as they were in his — of his humble co-makers — here on earth.

Adventure, Mark, Adventure!

Peter
Arno

The Moving Shadow

By Faith Baldwin

IT IS half past ten on a winter's morning in Connecticut, and for the last hour and a half I have been at my desk, looking at the blank yellow sheet of copy paper in the typwriter, or rising to stand at the windows, watching the dove-gray sky, the bare unstirring branches of trees frosted with white, the frozen ground. It is very quiet, and no bird sings nor breakfasts at the feeders nor delicately walks across the static waves of snow.

Several times, during these ninety minutes, I have wandered into the library looking for a book, a volume of the encyclopedia, for dates and facts . . .

For it is my wish to repay a debt. But how, and in what coin? If I say, this is a tribute to Mark Hellinger, I set down the truth. Yet what can I write which has not already been written by many far better qualified than I?

The years, during childhood, are very long from one bright summer to another. But in maturity they tread close upon one another's heels, scarcely to be distinguished, one from the other. save by the personal landmarks of sorrow, happiness, loss, fear . . . And so, the memory falters a little, looking back on the road between the milestones.

I do not remember in what year I first met Mark Hellinger. He was known to me through his newspaper columns before our meeting. And the first time I saw him was at the opening of a motion picture made from one

of my stories. Walter Winchell was there, in the wings with us that night. It was also the first time I had met him; and I was not to talk with him again, I think, until just about a year ago. And Mark Hellinger was there. and we are filed out on the stage before the footlights, and I do not know whether it was before or after the picture was shown.

I remember that I was very nervous. I knew so little about motion pictures, or, for that matter. Broadway. except from the audience standpoint. I had never worked on a newspaper. I envied newspaper people, I admired them; I still do. This story. "The Office Wife," now turned motion picture, was the first successful book I had ever written.

The impression left upon me from that night is one of stage fright. and gratitude because everyone was very kind.

My later encounters with Mark Hellinger were infrequent. His beat was Broadway, the world of the night club and the theatre, the world of the newspaper office. of the printing presses, the world of the roving assignment . . . and mine was centred in a stucco house in Brooklyn.

I admired Mark Hellinger very much; I envied his way with the miniature short story, his ease among words. I thought of him as vital. kind and generous. On my desk. as I write, is a copy of his book "The Ten Million." He signed it for me, with exuberant extravagance, and a warm friendliness which I treasure now as I did then. And. little as he knew me, I believe he meant every word.

Later, when he was in Hollywood, I had occasion to ask a favor of him. not for myself but for a friend. a former newspaper woman who was looking for work. I had no real right to burden him with still another job seeker, yet I did. Armed with my letter, she asked to see him and he gave her time and thought and did what he could for her. I daresay this incident was multiplied a thousand times.

In his book, "The Ten Million," there is a little story called "Three Months To Live." As is true of most of his stories, the ending has the O. Henry twist, ironical and abrupt. Perhaps you remember this one . . . the story of a man who suffers discomfort and is told by his doctor that he has indigestion. But he does not believe it and so consults a doctor of whom he has never heard before but who tells him that he suffers, not from indigestion. but from heart disease and has about three months to live.

Mr. Hellinger's hero goes home to wait for death. This procedure seems singularly futile to him. He cannot wait. as the condemned man waits in a cell. and so. he kills himself.

The Hellinger ending follows. for after the little man's suicide. the reader learns that the strange "doctor" consulted by the hero was not a doctor at all but one of two men who had been busily engaged in robbing the doctor's office at the time the patient rang the bell.

I re-read this one this morning; I re-read also the epilogue to the book in which Hellinger said that he hadn't enjoyed writing his book because "it meant work." He added, "and work and I are total strangers."

Which was not true. For everything about his life disproved that. He must have worked, as he played, hard, fast and without sparing himself.

When he died, he was still a young man. He was ten years my junior and I do not think of myself as old. When he died, he had a far longer life expectancy, as the insurance companies put it, than was afforded him. He had, according to that life expectancy, many productive years ahead of him, perhaps the best years. But they were taken from him. quickly, brutally, and forever.

There is a Killer abroad, by day and by night; sometimes he kills at once and sometimes over a varying period of terror and agony; and that Killer is heart disease.

Have you ever stopped to consider the word *heart* and all that it means? It means a physical, muscular organ, about the size of a closed fist. It means your life. It works to sustain that life. twenty-four hours in every day. Its rhythm is your existence, altering with the state of your well or ill being, laboring under strain, excitement, anxiety.

But the word has come to mean so many other things; the heart is the symbol of the emotional nature. of the affections: it is the spirit in a man. his courage. "Take heart." they tell us, when we are afraid. It has come to mean mercy and generosity, tolerance and wonder. You look at something beautiful and you think "my heart lifts"; you read a moving passage in a book or see the troubled face of a lonely child and you tell yourself that your heart is moved.

All hearts cease, one day, to function. But the day need not be hastened. the time can be prolonged. There is an army of fighters marshalled against the Killer . . . and medical science is their weapon.

There are ways to prevent the Killer from suddenly striking; and a chart by which a man with a damaged heart can live for many years. These are ways which all of us should, and which we can, learn — by heart.

While I have been writing, the sun has come out. a sparkle on the snow, a warmth at the windows, and an adventurous bird just came out of hiding and flew past. I saw his moving shadow.

And I think of Mark Hellinger. for whom the earth-spring will not come again, and of my debt to him: a debt incurred by the pleasure his written word gave me. the pleasure I felt because he spoke of me as his friend. I can think of no way in which to repay that debt except to help save a life through the efforts of the New York Heart Association, in his memory.

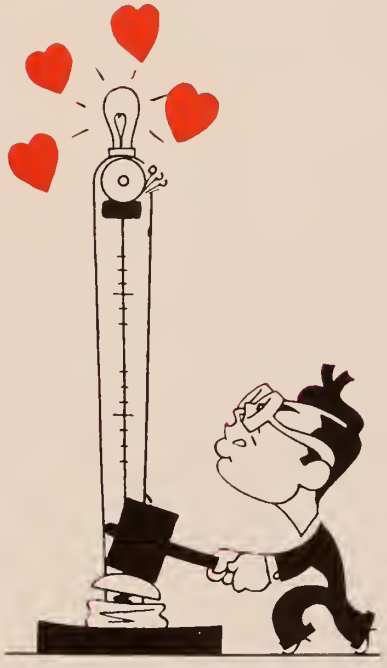
He'd like that. I think.

MEMO FROM IRVING Hoffman

TO THE NEW YORK HEART CAMPAIGN

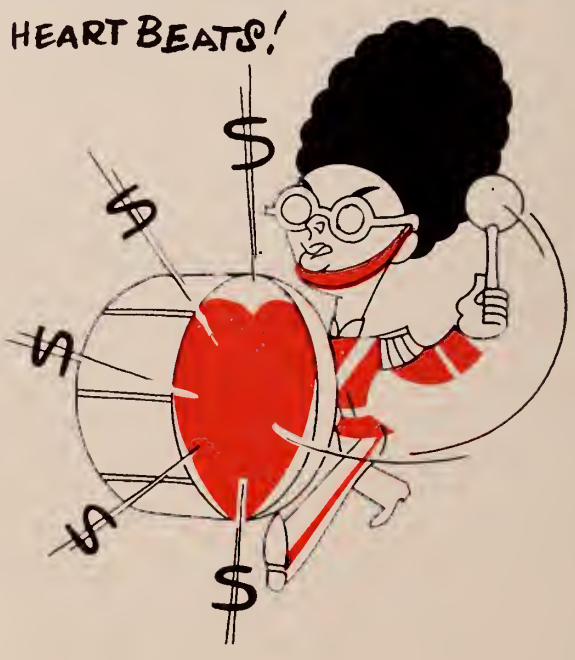
.... I hope this ART-WORK will help in your HEART-WORK!

WHEN IT COMES TO PAYING PEN TRIBUTE TO MARK HELLINGER I LOSE MY HEAD AND MY HEART!



LET'S RING THE BELL FOR THE NEW YORK HEART CAMPAIGN!

BEAT THE DRUMS TO PROLONG HEART BEATS!



A Close Friend

By Jimmy Cannon

BROADWAY after midnight is a big foul alley in a slum of the lurid arts. It is populated by men who go as far as the law allows only as long as it doesn't cost them money. But, if necessary, they are prepared to journey back across the frontiers of the underworld and into the rackets where so many of them started. Only that which does not show a profit is considered unethical in this community dedicated to the sale of frivolity. Not all of them are lush rollers and purse-grabbers, but even the honorable among them are blemished with a vulgar vanity which would disgust the ordinary man. They may be useless and rude bums or they can be talented people, but as long as they are successful at what they do they will be catered to by even those who despise them. Their special gift may be blackmail or the dancing of the buck and wing but notoriety of any form will make you a shot in the temporary nobility of Broadway.

All this I realize and it does not enchant me. My neighborhood where I make a living will soil most people and change them, and not often for the better. But untouched by this was Mark Hellinger, who was a part of it and yet never accepted its standards. Mark was a kind, a humble and a truly generous man. He was without malice or envy. He always made your day better than it started out to be when you met him. When he died I lost one of my closest friends. So did a lot of people.

There was no one who walked these streets who knew the swindlers and their grafts better than Hellinger did. But in him was pity for all of them. Always he frisked a man's character for a trait he could respect. They were judged gently by him and this tolerance did not stem from a worship of false values. Mark saw them all clearly. They were all alike to him. He believed that circumstances were the villains in the lives of all men. Their weaknesses were plain to him but when it came time for him to describe them on his typewriter his compassion for them betrayed him. They were idealized in his short stories and his moving pictures and he damaged his knowledge of them with sentiment.

It was his regret that most of the people on his beat were sick with the diseases of power and greed. So he gave them all a fairer shake than they deserved. Mark had an extraordinary faith. He considered himself a cynical man but he believed that those abused by life would be rewarded by a law of compensation which never existed anywhere in the world. It was a special world that Mark believed in but only he worked to make it the impossible way he wanted it to be.

Generosity was one of his characteristics and he handled money as though he considered its possession illegal. He did more for people than any other guy I have known as a friend. There are some who give their lives to crusades and make charity a controlled and formal act. But Mark assisted any one who asked him for help. Money was the least that he gave away. This embarrassed him and he made up excuses to prove what he did was trivial and what any right guy should do. He never tried to impersonate a benefactor and he helped many in many ways, including me.

People who worked for him idolized him and he gave away a fortune in tips and did it quietly. I knew about it because those who worked in the joints always made sure people knew. It wasn't a bribe for better service but a belief that guys working at mean job such as bus-boys and gents' room attendants were never paid enough for the indignities they endured.

When you knocked some one who was close to him he would defend them by relating a good act they had performed. It may have been small and unpretentious but when Hellinger explained it this incident became a great event of human goodness. His friendships were not based on profit as so many are. He had a simple method of loyalty which has lost prestige in our time. Mark thought you were right as long as you did not go wrong. If you did go bad he invented ways to prove it was not your fault but forces beyond your control which compelled you to turn on him.

The extraordinary success he had as a Hollywood producer was not resented by any one I knew. Mark sneered at his ability and gave the credit to his writers and directors but he was the only one who ever underestimated it.

In an envious and spiteful craft Hellinger inspired little jealousy. It would amuse him to read that I consider him a philanthropist. This he was because there was no easier touch. The reputation of a man did not concern him. The office boy and the guy who ran the studio were treated with the same courtesy and good nature. I know this to be true because I am an office boy who worked for him. I ran his copy the first day I worked on a newspaper and he was my friend until the day he died. A lot of us changed. Mark didn't.

A Good Friend

By Louis Bromfield

I FIRST knew Mark Hellinger as a good friend of a good friend of mine, the same Humphrey Bogart who later became his associate. Together we became responsible for a picture produced by Mark which had considerable success. Mark was producer, Bogey was star, myself as author of the story. It was a very happy picture called "It All Came True" and Ann Sheridan, Una O'Connor and a lot of other nice people were in it. It gave Bogey a chance to be a comedian. The friendships stuck and a lot of other successes followed for everybody concerned. I suspect Mark, as the producer, was the real reason. Gaiety and good humor and generosity are three of the greatest gifts God can bestow upon a man and Mark had them all in great quantity.

There is, perhaps, a sort of warning in Mark's tragically early death of which a lot of other men in middle-age or approaching it, might take notice. Mark Hellinger lived hard and worked hard and he liked people. There are a lot of things you can give away — advice and money and old clothes and a lot of other things which are easy to give — but Hellinger gave the most precious thing of all — himself. He was incapable of willingly hurting another and when he talked to you, he was being *you* too, understanding what you thought and how you felt. And what with hard work and hard living and thoughtfulness and generosity, he gave away too much and so he isn't here any more.

Painting from the Ohrbach Collection, "Central Pork Towers" by Frederic Tnubes

MARK HELLINGER *was as versatile in the matter of his friends as he was in his talents. He associated with some very peculiar people.*

One of the most peculiar, looked at from any angle, was — and still is, I hear — a party called Toots Shor who runs a restaurant in New York. Mr. Shor has made a career out of being eccentric.

He practically wallows in sentiment and there is enough of him to make this a very noticeable spectacle. When he starts crying, the initiated run for their sou'westers and rubber boots because it is tantamount to being caught under Niagara Falls.

Mr. Shor was always particularly sentimental about Mark Hellinger. Whenever Mark would show up Toots would display his fondness by trying to drink up the profits in his joint.

One time Mark returned to New York after a prolonged absence and Mr. Shor insisted on tendering him a homecoming party. It was a love feast because everybody who knew Mark even fairly well loved him.

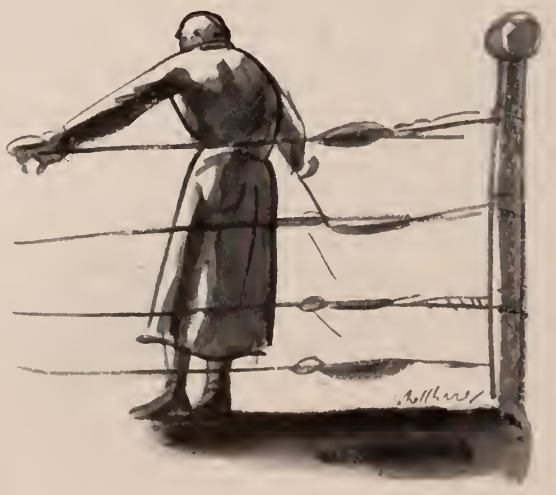
Mr. Shor became triply sentimental. Tears cascaded down the big slob's puss as he extolled the lovable qualities of the honor guest.

"He is kind," sobbed the large ape. "He is always kind. This world would be all right if everybody was like Mark Hellinger. That's what the world needs — a little kindliness."

At this point the big blubberhead caught a guest grinning. With the tears of kindliness still dripping down his pan, he snarled:

"Throw that creepy bum out!"

By George Dixon



HEART CASE NUMBER ONE-
THE INDISPENSABLE MAN.

CRUSADERS!
PUT YOUR HEART
INTO IT!

MARK HELLINGER

By Grantland Rice

You left us when the game was only started,
Just when the morning light was on the hill.
You left us bleak and lonely, weary-hearted,
You left a place that no one else could fill.

You are the one we miss above all others,
For there is silence now where there was song.
The road is dark for all, O mates and brothers,
Where only old, old memories belong.

You left us when the game was just beginning,
Too young to find the darkness rimmed about.
You were the star performer through each inning,
We wonder why the umpire called you out?

Yet out the road of love and life and laughter,
You would not want one eye-lash damp with tears,
Knowing that through the sunset coming after
That we must feel you with us through the years.

Happiness Boulevard

By Bill Corum

AFTER all that has been written about Mark Hellinger, it would be repetitious for us to write a long piece about him here. Yet we wouldn't like living with ourself if we didn't say that no nicer gentleman ever passed this way.

Hellinger always left a lot of room for the little fellow. Probably because he never thought of himself except as just another guy, going around the best he could.

Sure enough, he was proud of "The Killers" and probably his latest picture, "The Naked City," and other jobs he did. That was because he thought the jobs were good. Not because he thought they were going to make Hellinger a famous man.

Mark was a tolerant man by instinct and innate courtesy. He respected every man's right to live his life his way. Generous because it was natural with him to want to help. Much has been written about Hellinger's fast hand with a dollar. That was his pleasure, not his pain.

Mark was without envy. He was too smart to harbor it. Enmity and jealousy and suspicion. What can those things get a man except wrinkles in his heart that finally will show on his face?

They say Hellinger had a street on his place in Hollywood. It should have been lined with little houses where his friends could have come to live. But it would have had to be a long street.

"Happiness Boulevard" would have been a good name for it as long as the smiling guy was around.

So long, Mark. The best I can think to hope is that you'll meet as many friends where you are as you've left behind. Some of us will be looking you up among the first when we get there.

Paintiag from the Ohrbach Collection, "Fifth Avenue at 59th Street" by Aaroa Bohrod

JOE CONNOLLY · MARK HELLINGER · CHARLIE COLEBAUGH · JACK DOYLE

By Bob Considine

FOUR of the finest men I ever met died of heart trouble. They were Joe Connolly, Mark Hellinger, Charlie Colebaugh and Jack Doyle.

They had one gentle God-like quality in common: they were simply extraordinarily *kind*. So many heart cases are. It is one of the more engaging paradoxes of our time that those with the worst tickers often have the best hearts of all. They seem to be possessed of some supersensitivity to humans in need of help and friendship. They seem to have paused one day — perhaps the day the shocking diagnoses were made known to them — and to have quietly dedicated the remainder of their lives to bringing joy and hope to the people around them.

You will find all the statistics you want in other parts of this remarkable program. This is just a hail but not farewell to four victims of the cruelest yet least regarded killer of Americans.

Forgive me if I make it personal but these four did so much to shape a wide-eyed young man who came to New York years ago to try to crack its crust and be a part of the most exciting place on earth.

Joe . . . Joe Connolly. They named a ship for him after he died, and then — through some foggy manipulation of the red tape of Washington — put that ship to work carrying home the bodies of boys killed in the European war. Joe's name, emblazoned on that ship, became an anachronism. For no man was ever more alive than Joe Connolly, no one lived life with such zest. He never tired, he never drooped, I don't think he ever yawned. Life was a fantastic, thrilling game, and he its dazzling star. He wore spats and carried a cane when he was a $35 a week reporter . . . and he did as much to make newspaper work a profession, instead of a trade, as any man who ever graced the field of journalism. He could write with the best of his men, stay up later than the hardiest of his business acquaintances, get as much kick out of a 1-alarm fire at 50 as he did the first day he was sent to one.

To me and to thousands of others who knew him, he is vigorously alive today. There will never be any doubt in my mind that he had something to do with the sinking of the death-ship that bore his name. His rich, wonderful laughter still fills the world and the tissues of all those who basked in his glow when he was one of us.

Mark . . . Mark Hellinger was his friend, and the friend of so many others. Mark was the kind of guy who would not only give you the shirt off his back but make certain, in advance, that the sleeve-length was right.

He would do a thing like this: he would be a part of a wonderful group of interesting people and spot an outsider, standing on the fringes of the life and vivacity of that group, and in the middle of one of his own verbal contributions to the conversation he'd quietly reach out and move the wishful outsider into the group and say, when he had finished his sentence, "Don't you think so, Mike?" or Johnny . . . or Phil . . . or Sid. But the outsider was in, and would always be there — for if Mark liked a person, it meant so much.

Charlie . . . Charlie Colebaugh was the most gentle person I ever knew. He edited Collier's when he should have been someplace in bed, but it never occurred to him to quit. Life was too precious to him to sit out. A good section of the modern generation of magazine writers, fact and fiction, can say in all honesty that what they have attained sprang, originally, from Charlie. He was never too busy to sit down with a writer, though the writer was helpless and perhaps hopeless and certainly bereft of fame. He could turn down a piece and send the rejected author out of his office walking on a cloud . . . determined to try again. And he had a feeling for words that many of those who wrote for him could never have. Once I went to him to try to interest him in an article about a young flier who lost a leg on the Doolittle Tokyo raid. I told him the story and he wept . . . not as you might think, but with a sadness that embraced all suffering throughout the world.

Then he shook his head and said it was not an article. "It is a book," he said. "For us, it is six articles . . . but above all it is a book. I'll take care of it." And he did.

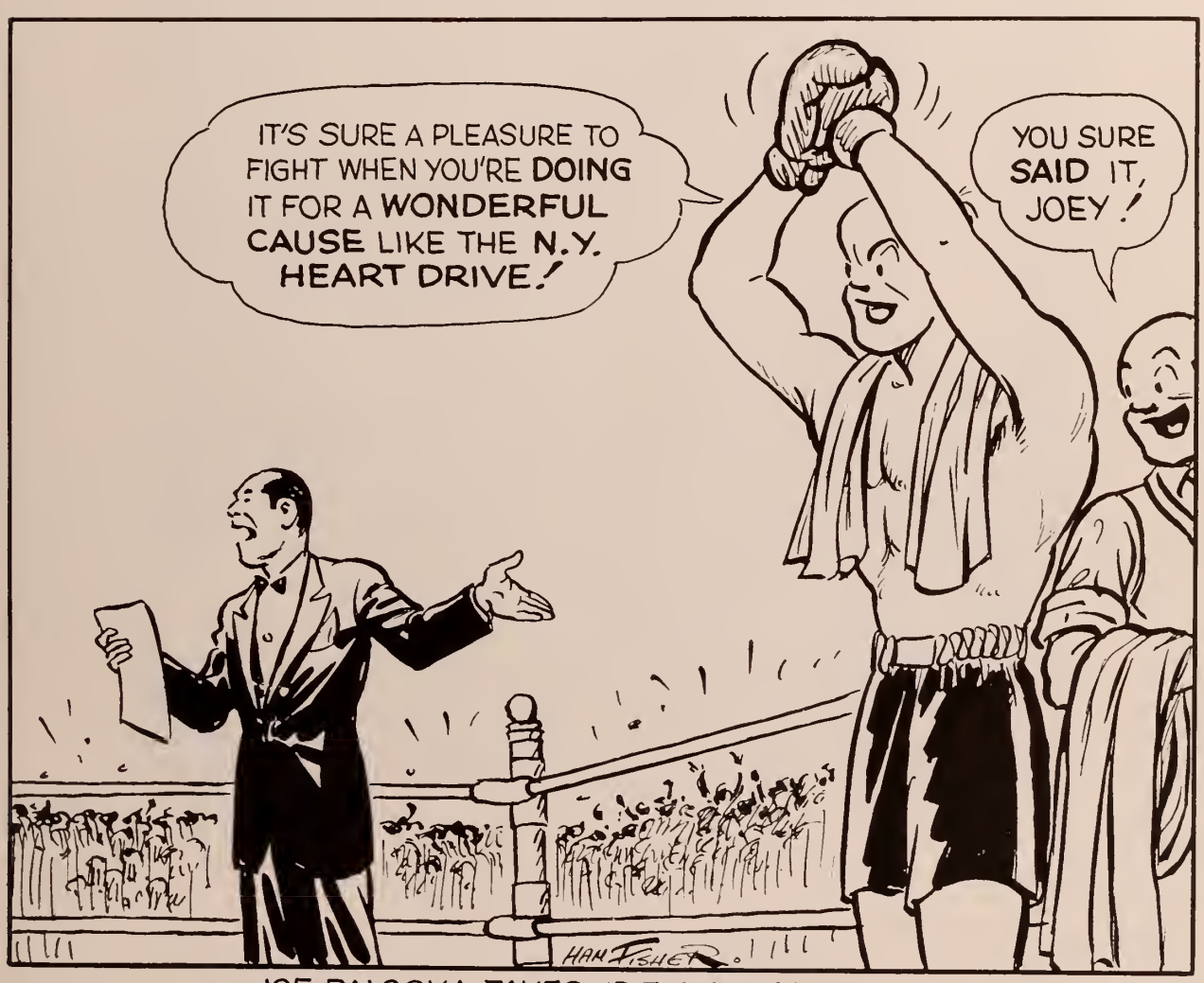
Jack . . . Jack Doyle was a gambler. It is a game that has produced so many hard men. men who turned to flint. But Jack was a man who always stayed a human being . . . a fellow who seemed to count it a privilege to go out of his way to show a neophyte the workings of that most complex of civilizations — New York.

Near the end of his life I ran into him one day on a Florida golf course. engaged in a sport which had been forbidden to him by his doctors. I said to him, "Jack, I want to write a little piece about you . . . something that your pals back in New York can read."

He shook his head. "Write about somebody the people in general are interested in." he said. "But if you do mention me. just say this: tell them I'm in Florida enjoying my heart trouble."

All these men knew they were going to die, and though there was not a swashbuckler among them they looked on death with no horror. nor fear. nor surrender. They stopped as clocks stop . . . one moment as active. bright and serviceable as ever. and the next moment still. Joe thought of taking in the birth at San Francisco of the United Nations. for it was a story that excited him. Mark was getting ready to come East to sit around with the fellows he knew at the Banshee Luncheon. Charlie mulled over the changes he contemplated making in his Florida home. Jack enjoyed his trouble until the end. for it had forced him away from the tenseness of his old craft and had given him the leisure to revel in the riches of good books.

They must now be saying. "What are you doing about this thing that brushed us away?" And. if they are. they are not saying it in any feeling of anger or impatience or petulance. They are asking it as friends who want the people of Ameriea to defeat the menace that is killing so many. They want the people to live and drink of the joy of life . . . longer than did they.


IT'S SURE A PLEASURE TO FIGHT WHEN YOU'RE DOING IT FOR A WONDERFUL CAUSE LIKE THE N.Y. HEART DRIVE!
YOU SURE SAID IT, JOEY!
HAN FISHER

JOE PALOOKA TAKES UP THE FIGHT.

Painting by Dink Siegel

Swell Guy

By Hedda Hopper

IT'S Steve Hannagan's story about his pal, Mark Hellinger. The nearest he ever came to picking up a check from the great man was during the old days when they had a date for dinner. Steve got there first and made a bargain with the maitre-d' that he would get the tab. After the feast, the check was presented. Hellinger reached for it, but Steve said, "Huh-uh. That's mine." "Unless I get it," said Mark, "I'll never come here again." Steve made the same threat. The owner was sent for. He listened to the story, looked from one to the other, scratched his head, said, "It's too complicated for me," and tore up the check.

When Mark was in New York shooting "The Naked City", he was lunching at the Stork Club. Hannagan and Jock Whitney were there, too; but Hellinger didn't see them. When the two finished eating, they sent the check over to Hellinger. He paid.

If Hellinger were here, he would probably offer to pick up the check for the New York Heart Campaign. He died of the disease. He gave too much of his heart to too many people.

When Mark learned that I was going to work for the New York DAILY NEWS, he asked for an interview with me. For an hour he told me of his experiences, and the pitfalls I might run into. Then offered his help if I should ever need it.

His parents, knowing his weakness for always helping the other fellow, left a will that he was to get their estate — which amounted to quite a sum of money — on his 45th birthday. He didn't live to collect. But even though Hellinger spent his life in giving, he reaped a rich reward. In the newspaper game, he made most of the press look like cub reporters; in the movie industry, he made the million-dollar-a-year boys do double takes; and in the business of living, he succeeded in being a friend to all those who knew him. He made a picture once called "Swell Guy". In real life, Mark Hellinger played the title role.

Decoration by Dean Cornwell

1903 MARK HELLINGER 1947

By Quentin Reynolds

THE luckiest man in the world is the man who can wear his heart where God put it; on the inside. We are not that lucky. Our friend is dead and we cannot swallow, we cannot hide, our grief. We can look with envy at the wounded bear who hides in a cave and licks his wounds alone. We cannot suffer in solitude and that is why we are here today, believing perhaps that in sharing our common sorrow it will somehow grow individually less.

But we would be very foolish if we allowed ourselves to be ruled by sorrow alone today. There is another emotion that should help banish grief — our feeling of pride. We have a right to feel proud today, for we were the ones whom Mark called his friends. When a great person dies, the hearts of his friends gather round his name, and stand looking at it for a long time. They look at the name and the memory of such a friend who has died — with wonder. And they say in different words, always the same thing. "How wonderful it was that he lived; that we knew such a man; that he gave his friendship to us."

Our hearts all stand round such a name today. Today we begin our long homage to our friend Mark Hellinger, and our hearts will look upon his name with pride until the end of our days. The grin he wore; the laughter in his eyes, the chuckle in his voice — these have left us. But there is left with us, something that makes the death of our friend Mark seem a fact not yet proved — a fact never to be proved. For no man can be dead who has left behind so much love in the hearts of others. It was Mark's destiny to give. All the gaiety and energy and wisdom and affection that made up our friend Mark, kept pouring out of him as though there were no end to what a man could do for others. He gave and gave and finally he gave it all away. And there was an end.

And when he died, we his friends stared at the news as if a city had fallen; as if an earthquake had swallowed up a continent; as if a heavy cloud had permanently blotted out the sun. And we felt that a great robbery had taken place: that one of the kindest and most gentle of men had been stolen ruthlessly out of our lives. And our first reaction after the numbing anaesthetic of the news had passed was one of anger. Why did he of all people have to be taken? And why, we cried in bitter bewilderment, was one so young picked to go?

Sometimes when the angel of death approaches one we love, we are given a chance to plead for his life. We can send up prayers, each in his own fashion, and we can cry, "Move gently, Death, move yet more slowly. Do not take him until our need for him is done. What can one more shepherd matter to the throne of God?"

And sometimes Death hears our plea. Death takes no bribes, but sometimes Death answers prayers. But we had no chance to plead with the highest court. Death came softly, in the night. Death blew no trumpet, so we slumbered on unwarned. And before we were aware, our friend was gone. That's why we felt an unreasoning and bitter anger.

Now that we've had time to reflect, we should realize that this was a foolish anger. And it is foolish of us to protest that he died too young. It was foolish of us to allow bitterness to creep into our hearts, and it's time that we thrust the anger and bitterness away from us. We should remember that no man dies before his hour. We should remember that we came into the world when God willed it, we depart when it pleases Him. There is no man here who in his heart can say that his wisdom is greater than that of God's. And so none of us can rebel because the Lord of the Universe, for reasons which He alone knows, took Mark away. Yes, he was young to die, but the time he left behind just did not belong to him.

Yes, he was young to die — but neither men nor their lives are measured by the time spent on earth. If this were true, the oldest man alive would be the greatest. And there are those like Mark who are able to do more living in a brief span than others can do in a hundred years. Yes, he was young to die — but what had he missed? He had seen the sun rise over the spidered webs of the bridges that cross our rivers. There will never be more glorious sunrises than those that he has seen. He found the pulsing rhythm: the heartbeat of our city, and he found that it beat in time with his own pulse. When you've felt that, there is no further grandeur that any city can give you. Not if you were to live a thousand years. He was young to die — but what had he missed? This was the vast cathedral in which he worshipped. He knew and was touched by the beauty of the city he loved. And he knew the city as she looked last night, tipped with the magic of the year's first snow; looking like a lovely lady wearing an ermine wrap with a thousand twinkling stars in her hair and this was his first great love. He knew the pavements of this, his home town the way a country boy knows the back lanes which lead to a swimming hole; he knew Manhattan in her most glorious hour — that hour just before the dawn creeps in from the sea; that hour when the city is canopied by the softest clouds seen through a delicate thin blue haze. And a hundred times his eyes caught the wonder of a half-dimmed far-off star, appearing and then hiding, beyond the blue veil of the haze. He knew the song the summer evening sings to the city, and he knew the people of the city, for like him they were part of that song. And wherever he went in the city familiar voices called his name: the voices of great men and little men and good men and bad men, too. All were his friends. Mark never thought that he was put on earth to judge his fellow men. He always left that to the one who is judging him now.

Yes, he was young to die — but I ask again — what had he missed? He found love and he found enduring friendship and he found fame in this city of his: he found the most complete happiness that it is possible for mortal man to find. And he achieved this happiness without ever hurting a fellow man.

How can we possibly say that he was too young to die? He grasped the cup that life held out to him and he drank of it deeply and found it good. Can you think of one satisfaction, one experience, one ecstasy that had escaped him?

There are those who say that the old things are best; old wine to drink; old wood to burn; old pipes to smoke; old songs to sing; but no one has ever said that old age was the best age to live in. And our friend Mark escaped that. Let's stop saying that Mark was too young to die. And let us accept his death not in sullen sorrow, but rather as something inevitable like the death of Spring, or the death of flowers when touched by the hard frost of autumn, or the death of the sun as it drops in the west each day. These things are ordained by the Lord of the Universe, and how can we question His will? After all, it was He who gave us the Spring and the flowers of the earth, and it was He who breathed that wonderfully warm personality into the body of Mark. And it might dull our sorrow if we remind ourselves that Mark has reached the summit toward which every one of us is heading: a summit which every one of us will reach one day. No matter what our religion, we are all like people at the bottom of a valley who seek to climb a snowy peak that looms high above us. We all have our eyes fixed on the same goal. We differ only as to what road to take to reach the heavenly heights. Guides come forward and we follow them. Most of us pick the guide and choose the road our parents followed. And so we pick different paths, but eventually we all reach the same celestial peak. Our friend Mark just happened to reach it a little ahead of the rest of us.

There once lived a wondrous good and wise man named Socrates. But he gave offense to those who were in power, and they jailed him and told him that he would have to die. Socrates received the news with a smile.

Drawing by Frank Reil

"You should prepare for death," they told him, but he shook his head and kept on smiling.

"I have been preparing for death all my life," he said.

"In what way?" they asked.

And Socrates said. "I have never, secretly or openly, done a wrong to any man."

Our friend Mark could have made the same answer. You who knew him best search your hearts. Had he ever done harm, secretly or openly, to any man? There is only one answer. That's why I say that Mark has reached the highest heavenly peak. Mark will need no letter of introduction where he has gone. The hearts of all he knew are speaking for him now, and only a fool would say that God cannot read what is written in our hearts.

For some strange reason we always think of Death as a black, cloaked, fearsome figure. We associate Death with the clanking of chains and doleful moans. This is a fairly modern conception of Death, and I am sure a completely false one. Every religion that has ever been embraced by multitudes of people, is founded on the conviction that life hereafter is infinitely better than any life on this sad planet could possibly be. Even the very ancient Egyptians believed this. They had many great feasts, and wine flowed and music played and the air was filled with laughter. And always at the height of the feast a huge smiling image of Death would be brought into the hall, and all would rise and drink a toast, and the host would cry out. "Drink and be merry, for such shalt thou be when thou are dead." The Egyptians thought of Death as a merry, gay soul, and there is nothing in the scriptures to deny this concept of Death. It is not irreverent to think of God as a kindly friendly soul.

Mark certainly believed in that kind of death. He knew, even though we didn't that his hour was approaching. And when he was here with us last, not so long ago, we saw him as full of life and laughter as ever, even though he knew that when he raised his glass Death sat at his elbow. Yet he was unafraid. Perhaps he knew something that we don't know. They have told us that he died with a smile on his lips. Could it be that he knew just where he was going and whom he was going to meet? I think that may be true. I can see Mark's slouching figure with the hat brim pulled down over one eye, walking confident and unafraid into the midst of the greatest adventure of all. And I can see someone with a young and eager face waiting for him, and I can hear Mark's excited voice saying, "Hello, kiddie, how are things?"

And Monroe will take him by the arm, and tell him how things are. And they'll hurry along, talking with happy excitement; two brothers who have been separated for ten years. And Monie will tell Mark about the folks, and he'll tell Mark that Jim Walker and Joe Connolly and Father Duffy and a lot of the old gang from his town are waiting to see him. And maybe they'll hear the song that we raise to them today. Not a sad and hopeless hymn of despair. But a song that shows our pride in the friendship he gave us; a song that testifies to our faith in the kind of God that Mark believed in and the kind of America that Mark believed in. And Mark and Monie will talk as they move along. They'll talk of us down here, and you know Mark will say, "Kiddie you should have read the story Jimmy Cannon wrote about me. It was a sweetheart. And Uncle Bill Corum and Gene McCue. God bless him: and Walter had a whole column, and Louis did too. Imagine that. Kiddie, imagine that."

And Mark will frown the way he did when he worried about one of us, and he'll say, "It's tough on Gladys and the kids. It's tough on Tootsie Boy . . . yeah. I wish there was some way to tell them not to worry; that I'm all right."

And then he'll sigh and straighten his shoulders and grin his grin and march right into the glory that lies ahead. And he'll know all the answers finally when his eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

Funeral Address Delivered

By His Friend Quentin Reynolds

December 24, 1947

A LETTER A MAN AND A HEART

By Leonard Lyons

I REMEMBER the night: March 18, 1930. A cold night, starlit and bright with what I hoped was promise. I remember the place: A Post Office mail-box on Rivington Street, in the lower East Side of the city. I had drawn my first breath of life in a tenement on that street. The school and the synagogue I went to were on that street. My mother owned the candy-stand on that street. Yes, I remember the place.

And I remember the letter. I glanced briefly at the envelope, before I dropped it into the mail-box and jiggled the lever twice, to make sure that it dropped safely inside. It was addressed to Mark Hellinger at the Daily Mirror. I had typed it carefully on my new legal stationery. It was a short story, column-length, the first I ever had written.

I wrote it at the instigation of a girl who lived nearby — a girl I wanted to, and four years later did, marry. It was her plan that I should forego the practice of Law and become a New York columnist. The letter was my Test, to determine whether I could write for the newspaper-reading public. And with it went the gamble and the hopes of the young, the dream of a full life to be enriched by excitement, laughter and family. Yes, I remember the night. And two days later Mark Hellinger printed my first contribution.

There were letters to other columnists too — containing poems and jokes and feature pieces, timed and spread carefully to make editors remember. But I poured 100,000 words into short stories for Mark Hellinger because to me he was the first, and because this possessor of a great and generous heart offered wise counsel and earnest encouragement.

I've met a lot of people and been to many places since that March night so long ago. And I found no other who had as many comrades, who befriended as many men and who left such a monument of good-will. He lived each day as if it were his last on earth, mindful always that we pass this way but once.

I was fortunate that Mark Hellinger passed this way in my lifetime.

"Nobody Talked About Mark"

By Frank Graham

WHAT do you say about Mark Hellinger, anyway? You say that he was fine and decent and thoughtful of all those about him, and that his genuine love for his fellowmen knew no bounds of race or religion, of wealth or of poverty, or any circumstance of life. You say that in spite of his magnificent achievements, no one ever envied him but was happy for him. But that's nothing. That's what everybody else says.

You call up many pictures of him in your mind but there is nothing to set them apart from the pictures in the minds of others who knew him. He is at work on a newspaper story or a movie script. He is sitting at the ringside in Madison Square Garden or one of the ball parks. He is at his corner table in Toots Shor's, eating and drinking with friends and, for the most part, they are doing the talking and he the listening. There is, regardless of the background, a sameness about these pictures, which is natural because, at work or at ease, he was the same guy. Through all his life he was the same guy. But who, having known him, doesn't know that?

There is one picture, though, that I share with only a few of his friends.

It is a picture of a group that had gathered in Toots's apartment: Toots and Baby and Baby's mother; Hank Greenberg, Johnny Broderick, Quent Reynolds, Joe Harrison, Sam Klein, Frankie Hamilton and Frank Conniff. There was nothing planned about this gathering. The guests had just dropped in. But they were there because a great guy had passed their way . . . and never would pass it again.

Toots told a story about a crumb bum in Philadelphia. Greenberg talked baseball. Broderick had a hilarious tale of his arrest of a peg-legged hoodlum and Toots shouted:

"How do you like that? Now he's slugging one-legged guys!"

Hamilton talked of fighters and horses. Toots called Joe Di Maggio on the telephone and asked him to come over. Reynolds praised a play he had seen the night before.

Nobody talked about Mark. Nobody ever talked about Mark in his presence. You see, everybody sort of felt he was there.

Drawing by Shellhase

Painting from the Ohrbach Collection, "New York Harbor" by George Grosz

A Perfect 4.0

By Budd Schulberg

UNFORTUNATELY for me, neither my knowledge of Mark Hellinger nor of the human heart is first hand. I cannot say that I have known either one of them intimately. Yet I can say this of them — and of how few other men or institutions or things! — nobody in my ken ever rated them anything less than a perfect 4.0. So in a way, a most untimely way, it is strangely fitting that Mark and the organ with which he was so consistently identified, should go out together.

The heart of man is just a delicate machine for pumping and purifying the blood stream but we have come to endow it and identify it with our favorite virtues. When we plead for mercy, or even justice, we say, "Have a heart!" When we want to cite someone for generosity we say he is *big-hearted* and when we want to praise courage, "lion-hearted" comes to mind. Or when the edge begins to wear off that one, we trim it to, "He's got plenty of heart." Our sign for honesty is to cross our hearts and our way of describing a particularly sincere effort or performance is to say, "He puts his heart into it."

We may have evil minds, we may have ill humors, mean dispositions and bad blood, but for some significant and illusive reason, the heart of man is forever held above reproach. Man's inhumanity to man is never explained by the possession of a cruel or unkind heart but by the very absence of a heart. The SS torturer or the landlord who puts the family out on the street is said to "have no heart for those people." When we say a man has a bad mind we pass a moral judgment but when we say he has a bad heart we are merely making a medical diagnosis. We affix all kinds of hasty motivations to many other principal organs (evil minds, vicious mouths, shifty eyes, nervous stomachs) but the human heart alone enjoys a reputation that tolerates not even the most mild aspersion. The heart is generous, the heart is honest, the heart is brave, the heart is loving, the heart is the trademark of sincerity.

Devoting these pages both to Mark Hellinger and the human heart may be a conceit, but taking the word-of-mouth for my basis, it is not the kind of conceit for which I must strain or apologize. For like the human heart, Mark Hellinger seems to have been one of those rare phenomena with which only good is associated. The almost inevitable dissenter who comes along to the shrine to put the knock on the man everyone else loves is simply and miraculously absent in Mark's case. In a world of myriad little crimes that never come to court, he has been judged, and found not guilty — of anything. He and his heart leave our service with 4.0. And so it strikes me as additionally tragic that, having no enemies visible to the naked eye, they should be carried off by an interior assassin so long before their time.

COLUMBIA
SUPPLIES
FRAMES

MEMORY OF MARK

By Abel Green

MARK once got a big bang out of an off-the-cuff crack we had made in calling him a "road company O. Henry." Having just previewed "Naked City" out here on the Universal lot, I must qualify it and give Mark the billing of the O. Henry of the Celluloid. Not since "Broadway" has anything as authentic been captured for re-creation in theatrical entertainment form. The film fan can almost literally see the special aura and smell that is so indigenous to the sidewalks of New York.

The more's the pity, therefore, that so skillful a reporter and interpreter of the days of our years is gone.

To speak of Mark as a fast man with a dollar; the generous albeit sometimes over-convivial host; the free-spending customer who resented being sur-le-cuff, but whose generous *pourboire* endeared him to busboys and bonifaces alike, is not the summation of the man. That's just a footnote.

To the newspaper bunch who grew up with Mark and Walter, Ed and Sid and Louie, Ben Gross and Uncle Nick in the Broadway vineyards, the legend of Hellinger is something else. He was a "special" kind of newsgatherer and interpreter of the passing scene. He sought and brooked no favors other than the favor of true friendship.

Never a close student of the dollar, even when his formative Plan for Living was from the Morris Plan of the same name, the first impact Mark made on the late, great Sime Silverman, founder of "Variety," occurred in the old Billy LaHiff's Tavern on West 48th Street. As Damon Runyon in later years wrote, Sime and Mark were neck-and-neck for the No. 1 position in the Check-Grabbing Sweepstakes. One night we were seated in that Amen Corner of the Tavern, to the right as you come in. Jack Spooner, now of the Stork Club Spooners, was the veepee in charge of the door, when along came Mark to join Sime, LaHiff and some of the other kiddies. Eventually Mark made for the tab. Anybody who ever struggled with Sime for *any* check had to finish second, but it was almost a dead-heat in Mark's genuine insistence. So much so that Sime wanted to know just *who* was that young feller trying to muscle in on his check-grabbing franchise. (Mark had just left Zit's, and the late Phil Payne, his new city editor, had put him on the Broadway beat for the News.)

As we viewed "Naked City" and heard Mark's off-screen commentary on what, to the hepcats, is a tiptop filmization of the Starr Faithful case, we were hit with the full impact of the passing of a great reporter of the passing scene. Literally, this celluloid saga mirrored our times. Few, if any, could have offered more than Mark as the historian of that era of wonderful nonsense to which now we look back upon as "the good old days."

Certainly Mark lived a legend within his own time. He died young but old in experience. I have had occasion to say he lived two lifetimes in one.

But what Hellinger has left behind is enough monument and perpetuation in the hearts of men.

It's fitting indeed that his pals should honor him within the framework of the New York Heart Association.

Off the Regular Beat

By Henry McLemore

THIS little piece is about Mark Hellinger, but it isn't laid among the bright lights of Hollywood or Broadway, which were Mark's regular beats. The scene is Bougainville, in the Solomon Islands, deep, deep in the South Pacific, and the time is 1944 when the island was held jointly by Americans and Japanese.

The talk down there then wasn't the big talk of producers but the big, big talk of Long Tom Rifles. The lights down there then weren't the neons of Broadway, but sputtering candles which had to be snuffed, and quickly, when almond-eyed Bettys came over to drop their bundles from Heaven. It wasn't a place for polo coats or cheesecake.

A call came through to the road block, away, 'way up in the hills. It was an authoritative voice and it said that Sgt. McLemore, Henry T., was to report to Division Headquarters immediately. I got the message from the Lieutenant, and it was the worst news I could possibly have received, because I was the sort of soldier who knew that when Division Headquarters called, it wasn't calling to pin a medal on my chest or to give me a promotion.

I suffered, and mightily, as I slipped and slid down one of the minor peaks of the Empress Augusta Range. How long would I get in the clinker? Which clinker would it be — Atlanta, Leavenworth, or Lewisburg? And what would my family think about having a dishonored guy in the family flock?

Oh, I tell you I was sweating plasma when I presented

The sign over Hellinger's cot was ordered placed there by the Commanding General. He is shown resting after his participation in one of the heaviest raids made by the 7th AAF over Wake Island.

Mark Hellinger joking with members of a 7th AAF Liberator Bomber crew stationed in the Marshall Islands.

myself at Division Headquarters.

And then I saw him — sitting in there with the General.

Mark Hellinger.

He was just as dirty as I was.

And just as tired.

He had been beating from one South Pacific front to another, looking at the action, and sharing in it, too.

When I saw him all my worries vanished. I knew that no matter what my crime was, I had a friend on hand who would defend me, not only to the last ditch, but the ditch that's just behind the last one.

"Howya, Henry?" he said. "What are you doing out here? Things haven't gotten so tough they have had to call on you, have they?"

Golly, he looked good. As I said, he was dirty, unkempt, and bedraggled, but to me he looked better than those times I had seen him in the Stork or Ciro's.

Maybe his tongue was in his cheek, but he said so many nice things about me that I honestly believe the General began to think I was a helluva soldier.

He took me to his tent. He had brought along a few tidbits of food that didn't taste like Spam, and he had a wee drop of the stuff that cheers, and while we nibbled and sipped he gave me a fill-in on so many things I wanted to fill in on.

He asked me if I had any GI friends I'd like to ask over.

I did, and he said bring 'em over.

He stayed in Bougainville a week or so, and from morning until night he handed out friendship.

There never was a man who had so much friendship for his fellow man, or who gave of it so lavishly.

Three was never a crowd with Mark — three wasn't enough.

Mark Hellinger, War Correspondent for International News Service — reunited with his wife, former Ziegfeld beauty, Gladys Glad, after his return from the war in the South Pacific.

A PAGE FROM MY SKETCH BOOK . . . . . *ROBERT BENNEY*

Our paths crossed in the South Pacific, and Mark Hellinger will never be forgotten by the men who met him out there.

Painting from the Ohrbach Collection, "Father Duffy Statue" by Lawrence Beall Smith

Pitching Horseshoes

By Billy Rose

THERE'S an old Norse legend about a fellow who was so well-liked that when the Gods wanted to do him in they couldn't find anybody to throw the stone.

Well, that's how Mr. Mark Hellinger rated in show business.

On Broadway, where back-stabbing operates on a three-shift basis, I've never heard a larynx raised against him.

On Hollywood Boulevard, where they even kick you when you're *up*, Mark was as popular as a good sun tan.

When Hellinger walked into a restaurant on either of these Acid Alleys, the headwaiter blew a pitchpipe and all hands sang, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Which was as it should be. Mr. H. was the undisputed Heavyweight Tipping Champion, and holder of all speed records for Tab-Grabbing. And when it came to a touch, Mark was the softest thing since the invention of the featherbed.

I knew the man with the candy-apple heart for something like twenty-five years. I think I've read about 5,900 of the 6,000 short-shorts he wrote for his newspaper column.

He and his doll of a bride, Gladys Glad, the Ziegfeld beauty, trekked out to Hollywood in 1937. Since then, the sweetest guy in show business has been producing Hollywood's toughest pictures. His elegant shoot-'em-ups include "The Roaring Twenties," "High Sierra." "They Drive By Night," and Ernest Hemingway's "The Killers." "The Killers" figures to gross better than $5,000,000, and a lot of guys who weren't doing so well were pleased to learn Mark was in for a piece of the profits.

Since I saw Hellinger's "Brute Force" my corpuscles are still fanning themselves. It's tougher than a two-bit steak. It's the story of a jail break, and its ride-to-glory finish packs the punch of a triple Zombie. My missus was with me when I saw it, and I didn't much care for the way she raved about Burt Lancaster and Howard Duff. I'd like to be selling the electricity that's going to be used the next few years to light up the names of these two talented roosters.

There's a nice story behind the making of this picture. It has to do with casting bread on the waters and having it come back strawberry shortcake.

Robert Patterson, originally a West Coast newspaperman, was hanging around New York and doing a lot worse than good. Damon Runyon advised him to look up Hellinger if he ever got back to the Coast. Patterson did. Mark listened, smiled and reached for his poke.

"Thanks just the same," said Patterson. "But I'm looking for a job, not a handout."

Mark put him on the pay roll as a writer for a couple of weeks, figuring a donation by any other name would smell as sweet.

At the end of two weeks, Patterson handed Hellinger an outline for a screen play. It was the first draft of the story on which "Brute Force" was based.

A few months back I allowed as how I would send out a Champagne and Caviar Award to anybody who came up with something in the entertainment line which gave me bubbles in the blood.

Well, I told my brownies to start wrapping up the treasures of the vineyard and the Volga. I think the producer of "Brute Force" rated the Romanoff fish eggs and the fancy fizzwater.

Incidentally, this was probably the first time in years anybody was able to buy Mark Hellinger a drink.

Painting from the Ohrbach Collection, "Big Jump at Coney Island" by Fletcher Martin

HELLINGER

Sports Writer and Broadcaster

By Ted Husing

The many-sided facets of the jewel known as Hellinger, covered all the beats from Broadway to the Bronx — and there isn't a Hellinger pal who doesn't know them. But not too many know the Hellinger who covered the Rose Bowl in 1934 for the Mirror; the Columbia football games for WHN, way back when; the polo championships for CBS; or waited to make those yearly between-the-half chats at Army-Notre Dame games.

And that Hellinger never missed for laughs at any of these events. For instance, when he and Perry Charles broadcast the football games from Baker Field over WHN, they felt no great responsibility between them to be accurate — for as Mark once said, "The eleven guys who start the game, they're the same guys who finish it. No subs for us." And when the cold penetrated too deeply, Perry would swing the mike out of his booth, and whip it in front of Graham McNamee's booth, explaining to the fans that his "assistant" would take over for a few plays, the while he and Mark helped lower the level of some excellent "Three-Star" that Mark hadn't forgotten to bring along.

Half-time of the Army-Notre Dame games, over a nation-wide CBS network, Mark used to get a philosophical trend into the broadcast and then wow up with a punch-finish — one of the best, being his now-famous story of the eager sub who waited with bated breath to get into the game, and finally when the coach, in desperation, needed another substitute, he turned to the excited sub and yelled, "Jones, get on your feet!" The eager beaver straightened up for that big moment, only to wilt as the coach added, "I'm sending in the BENCH!"

But one of the greatest laughs as far as I'm concerned, came within a week after his introduction to polo. Somehow or other, I always managed to inveigle Mark into broadcasting with me on some assignment I was sure needed some assistance from him. Secretly, I think he loved it, although he protested vigorously! Then with an electrifying suddenness, he would peep into my baby blues and say, "Kiddie, I knew you wouldn't ask me unless you needed me." And then he'd work feverishly, to have something startling to say.

During the half-time of his first polo game (an International final between the British and Americans) he parked in front of the microphone and began reading from his notes. Mostly it had to do with a satire on the bluebloods being ridden by the polo players, and bluebloods who were riding the seats in the stands. But midway thru his copy, a large and ornery bee began to buzz ominously around his neck, and then probably spooring the "Three-Star," began to buzz-dive for Mark's nose. He spent a very uncomfortable five minutes thereafter, and with a genuine feeling born of his dislike of the socialites who sat immobile during the action, and their general manner of conversation and action at the tented bars, he stormed furiously for his famous purple Kissel and rode home.

That night I called him, and he read the column which has now become famous as his introduction to "The Ancient and Honorable Game of Old India." For in it, he explained his disgust at the crowds who stared him down when he excitedly applauded a sterling piece of action; the bee that buzzed his broadcast; and his decided disinterest in anyone representing the "Poona Horse."

But that had nothing to the revelation of a Hellinger reaction, in the episode when he and Morton Downey, making one of their rare appearances together on one of my sport programs many years ago, undressed me while I was standing before the microphone and broadcasting. Both of them, realizing I could not stop for a moment, ran into the crowded reception room, calling the attention of everyone to the fact that I was undressed, in order to broadcast in a relaxed fashion. Pity poor me — almost denuded, trying to maintain decorum, with a quizzical audience staring thru the windows at the strange sight of a sports broadcaster disrobed while broadcasting.

However, it was the Kentucky Derby in 1940, that gave Mark and all of his pals the biggest boot. It was a custom of ours to interview the press boys covering the race, asking them to nominate a winner. This nationwide broadcast usually hit the country's radio sets about a half hour before broadcast time for the big event. The "creme-de-la" in the press coop huddled before the mike, and about the time Bill Corum was on, shouting praises for one of his Calumet Clouters, a wire came from Hellinger from California. It was so ludicrous, I thought, that I handed it to Bill to read — which he did. Thirty minutes later, a nag named Gallahadion rushed by the stands a winner — at 40 to 1. Hellinger had done it again — the only "name" guy in America to call the turn.

And now he's sitting in a heavenly broadcasting booth, probably still calling 'em as lightheartedly — and as accurately. What a man!

Drawing by Gilbert Bundy

SCULLY'S SCRAPBOOK

By Frank Scully

TEN years ago I was sitting outdoors on the sundeck of Scully's Bedside Manor. It was a beautiful day, very much like this. I was writing a fairly definitive piece on Irving Thalberg for one of the more adult magazines. It was a hard piece to write, because people close to the young genius kept crowding me in the hope that additional information might lighten a shadow here and there and possibly prolong their jobs in his employ. I felt a little like Michelangelo when he was trying to complete that portrait of Lorenzo de Medici. I wished Thalberg's friends would stop trying to gild my lily.

I really was stuck for a moment and was looking out over the vast city of sunshine and substance which shadows had built.

Then the phone rang. Jim Tully, the old realist, was calling.

"You'd better throw your profile of Thalberg in the wastebasket," he said. "He's dead."

Being a sentimentalist above all things, I couldn't believe that there was nothing deader than a dead genius unless it was a dead producer. So I struggled along for a day or so, and then wired the editor if we should shelve the thing. He, a sentimentalist, too, suggested to finish it somehow, and call it a memoriam. Obviously, he too realized that a dead genius in Hollywood was like a war hero who had been caught selling defense secrets.

But Jim Tully had the more realistic view. The kibitzers and sycophants of Thalberg were not far behind him. For not one of them ever bothered to call me to help shape that piece about their once beloved young genius. Once they learned that the king was dead, they cut me like a knife. I finally accepted their standard as really the "right" one and put the whole labor in the file-and-forget file.

I'm wondering if at this moment some other writer is not in the same position concerning the late Mark Hellinger. If his editor urges him to finish his lamentation somehow, I'd like to suggest that a better way to spend the time would be to write to the Committee on Un-American Activities and ask them to make a special inquiry into sudden death in Hollywood, and why?

The way people go out like a light in this town is a good deal more worthy of research than who they go out with or what political pitches they make when in *vino veritas*.

Nobody who isn't trying to pour butter on a guy who already has too much would contend for a moment that producers, stars, directors or even writers are overworked in Hollywood. Their total manhours of production over

a year would rate pathetically low if placed against one of John L. Lewis's coal miners. But because they work by jerks and starts, they rip the gizzards out of their motors and their mortality rate is alarmingly high.

They will dawdle along for the first days of a week and then put on a sudden zeal, carrying on to late hours Saturday night with peculiar inversion of exhibitionism and puritan ardor.

Often they will end this orgy of industry by making the rounds of the nightclubs on Sunday morning, telling everybody, "We worked through till 2 this morning — 16 hours without a break."

No wonder at 4 A.M. they look so tired. No wonder at noon the next day they can't get up for any church services. No wonder by Monday, Tuesday and even Wednesday of next week they feel more pooped than a poop deck.

Compare their life-span with those in similar fields abroad and it is fantastic to think that such an intelligent people as the Americans are so stupid in handling the business of longevity once their talents have matured.

Presumably in Europe every factor of living is at a lower level than here, yet George Bernard Shaw is still alive at 91 and Mark Hellinger is dead at 44. Why, Shaw was only beginning to write at the age that men like Hellinger, Fitzgerald, Thalberg, Tully and the like were a-mouldering in their graves.

All I have been able to discover of the effect this anatomy of melancholy has on the survivors is that they take to their beds in droves, cut dames out of their lives, throw liquor down drains, grab thermometers, hot water bottles, sleeping tablets and doctors' phone numbers.

Remember the case of LeRoy Johnson? A friend asked him to play golf on a Saturday afternoon. "I haven't had a Saturday afternoon off in 16 years," rebuffed Johnson. The next Saturday afternoon he had off, though. He was dead.

Even old timers in the picture industry, barring possibly a few like Adolph Zukor who have been forced to take it easy by being kicked upstairs, are not old by these continental standards I speak of. Many of them don't dare admit they're 60, as that amounts to signing, in their opinion, their own death notices. They have semi-annual check-ups to see if their follies have caught up with them, passed them or are still behind them. Whatever the report they rarely change their act.

Yet 60 is such a conservative age by national standards that even Presidents of the United States average well above that figure. I think the 150 year average is about 66. But in any case it's years above 44.

Of course I know about the many geniuses who burned themselves out without living to be 80 to prove it. I know all about Keats dying at 26, and Mozart at 38, but I also know something about the many who in Sam Johnson's phrase "panted their way to 70." Mark Hellinger never had a failure in Hollywood and his posthumously released picture "The Naked City" was far and away his best. He was still growing, you see. He might have topped Samuel Johnson by the time he reached 70.

In Johnson's day, 70 was the equivalent of 80 or 90 today, because science has eliminated so many of the childhood diseases which when contracted automatically cut 10 or 12 years of that person's adult life.

I realize, and in fact am the pioneer in their field, that all genius is a matter of toxemia. That if you have too much toxemia you're a genius, but, like Keats, dead before your time, and if you have too little toxemia, you may live on and prove it in both your work and your life, like Harold Bell Wright, who didn't die till he was well over 70. I realize, moreover, that those who do not have a disease of some sort, take everything from vodka to marihuana to put them in a state where their genius can flow with a proper amount of poison. But they don't have to go so far as Mark Hellinger did and take death. The loss of such a sweet prince leaves a dreadful smog over a land otherwise renowned for its sunshine. Time will clear it, but the lesson remains for those who survive. Make haste slowly. Remember *mens sana in corpore sano.*

Without seeming too heretical I've been seeing some mighty nice stuff produced by normal, healthy adults, and though it will be a blow to Bohemia I'd like an Un-American Activities Committee to check on this suspicion — that healthier people would make healthier pictures, and in any case have longer runs.

Painting by Roy Spreter

Goggles In Jamaica

By Nick Kenny

LIKE the rest of the newspaper fraternity who knew and loved Mark Hellinger I could write reams just by relating a few of my own experiences with him. I prefer, if I may be permitted to do so, to offer a poem as my contribution to the program.

I worked with Mark for three years on the Daily News. He drifted over to the Mirror late in 1929 and I followed him on Jan. 27, 1930. He was the kind of friend you didn't have to see every five minutes to keep your friendship green and warm. If you missed seeing him for three years you would pick right up where you had left off when you did meet him. Brother, that's what I call friendship.

I'll never forget the time Mark went into vaudeville. He was breaking in his act at a theatre in Jamaica, L. I. Paul Whiteman, Nicky Blair and I were playing golf at the Old Country Club at Flushing, L. I., when Blair told us about Mark's vaudeville debut.

"Let's go out to Jamaica and heckle him" cried Whiteman. We stopped our golf game on the ninth hole and jumped into a car and headed for Jamaica. In a store opposite the theatre we bought big black goggles and newspapers. When Mark came onto the stage, as nervous as a cat, we were sitting in the front row reading the newspapers through our goggles and paying no attention to him. This made him even shakier. Then Whiteman climbed up a little stairway that led from the orchestra to the middle of the stage and flopped down on the top step, reading his newspaper by the spotlight that was shining on Mark.

As soon as Hellinger recognized Whiteman he got over his nervousness. He started to introduce Paul with a Jessel salute but Whiteman ran down the steps, up the aisle and out of the theatre with Blair and I at his heels, with the goggles squirting into Row Q, as the three of us fled to Jamaica's main street.

Save A Heart

Would you know life's greatest thrill?
Save a heart!
Penny, dime or dollar bill...
Save a heart!

Come, you grownups — children, too.
Join a fight that's never through,
Changing sick hearts into new...
Save a heart!

Hearts to God all look the same!
Save a heart!
Sickness strikes the strong or lame!
Save a heart!

Dig down deep and help the cause!
Stop this scourge that's worse than wars!
Save a life — it could be yours!
Save a heart!

CARDIAC CASE

By John McNulty

I'M a heart case myself. That, and owning a typewriter, perhaps gives me the right to spell out a piece for this Mark Hellinger Memorial.

It isn't that I knew Mr. Hellinger very well. I noticed, though, that the minute he was dead, everybody in Manhattan seemed to have known him. That was about the finest thing I noticed about him; he was so good that after he was dead, the lowliest guy and the most uppity guy, all of them, wanted to have known him, whether they really and truly did know him or not. The day his death was in the paper, I heard ice-men, and fellows off the Piel's beer truck, and passersby who came from all kinds of work, and the minute Mark Hellinger's name was mentioned, each one tried to establish that one time he had seen him, or he knew a fellow who knew him. They all wanted to have known Mark Hellinger. Oh, what a great thing that was, that morning, and how quietly proud he might well have been had he been there with me, listening to that unintended tribute in an obscure saloon.

Well, I started to say I am a heart case myself. I flopped with a bad ticker last May one day, and after that hearts became more interesting to me.

When I read the obits every morning, I check on each one that had the word "heart" in it. Of course, everyone dies from heart failure; that is well known. Still, that chunk of muscle in the middle of the chest can be the primary cause of dying as well as the final cause (which it always is).

Down in Bellevue, too, where I was for 26 days, I grew to know all kinds of heart cases; there were the coronary thromboses, and the mitral stoneses, and God knows what else. I learned how hard the doctors are trying to beat this killer. (You're always reading the phrase "Number One Killer" in the medical stories of hearts.)

Come to think of it, isn't it odd one of his great ones should be "The Killers"? If they had only left the "s" off, it would have been the thing that got him one day, or one evening, in Beverly Hills. "The Killer" — heart trouble.

That's what all this blather is about. It is an attempt to get together some few hundred thousand dollars so the doctors can work on it. It is pitiful how earnestly they want to work on it, and how little they have to go on. They could not have saved Mark Hellinger. They don't know enough yet. They want to know more. It takes money for them to look into things, look interminably into the complex things that make up that most common of things — the human body.

I'm a heart case myself. I'm an old guy. I got to die sometime. I ain't immortal.

But there are kids with this thing. I saw kids nine years old with bad tickers. A few grand can help them. At least it can help other kids who come after them, because with the few grand the doctors might be able to learn how to cope with it. Cope with "The Killer."

Funny, isn't it, that Mr. Hellinger, who made "The Killers" and who was killed by "The Killer," should now, in death, be able to help the fight against what kills?

"Relax! Take it easy — you'll last longer!"

Drawing by Albert Dorne

♥ ♥

2 KINDS OF HEARTS

By Jimmie Fidler

THERE are two kinds of hearts. One is the physical organ that ticks off the seconds of time within the human breast. The other is the spiritual heart that reaches out of a man's innards and warms all that it touches.

Mark Hellinger had both. One of these, the trivial, physical organ, he cared for not at all. Rather, he abused it continuously, until finally it rebelled and ceased to give him life.

The other heart, he cared for greatly and religiously. It made him happy to do for others, even in the face of the knowledge that he knew that his physical organ had not long to go. To gain this happiness, I'm sure Hellinger sacrificed a good many years of his life, for he worried most and exerted most, to do for his fellow man.

I do not doubt that what he chose to do was wise. Life on earth is merely a one-night stand enroute to a better world, for a man like Hellinger. He paused here, only to spread good cheer among luckless human beings, who are ever struggling to find a little friendship and a little share of kindness on earth.

Mark's physical heart has stopped beating. But that other heart will not stop for a great many years. Not until all those people he helped have also died, and perhaps not until their children have died, too.

Like a monument that reaches up to touch the sky, Hellinger's other heart reaches toward Heaven, pointing out the way that Mark himself took to reach the perfect Hereafter.

It is to be regretted that Hellinger did not take as good care of his physical heart, as he did of that spiritual one. Had he done so, he might have lived many more years — and for him to have lived many more years, would have meant thousands more kind acts and thousands more kind words. How sadly the world needs these, is best proved by how few men possess the ability that Mark possessed, to emanate good until he actually gave faith and hope to many who had lost both.

Mark could have lived a longer span. So can many men who suffer heart ailments. A careful man, warned of his faltering heart, may long outlive a careless man whose heart beats like that of an ox. But the death of Hellinger, while it has robbed us who knew him of a wonderful friend, and has taken from the world one of its really good souls, may serve one more purpose:

It may benefit mankind, by bringing forth stronger campaigns to get at the cause of heart diseases, and to seek deeper into medical science to discover cures.

If Mark Hellinger's departure has accomplished that, then it will have erected still another monument to a man, to whom every one lucky enough to know him, was a friend.

Little Old NEW YORK

BY ED SULLIVAN

Heartville-on-the-Subway

There's no business like show-business, no people like show-people and no city as great-hearted as Mayor Bill O'Dwyer's New York City.

♥ ♥ ♥

All of us, as we wind up this whirlwind campaign for the New York Heart Association, carry away certain vivid memories — Milton Berle sleeping overnight at Station WHN, as he carried out a 24-hour pitch for contributions. . . . Katharine Cornell, Ethel Merman and Helen Hayes surrendering one of their infrequent days-off to spark Nadine Bandler's Heart luncheon at "21". . . . Mac, Pete and Bob Kriendler's wonderful generosity: "In memory of our brother, Jack." . . . Julie Podell, at the Copacabana, toiling night after night to ready "Heart" night at that club, with all proceeds to the Fund. . . . Jim Petrillo's instant "o.k." when Marlo Lewis and Mina Bess Lewis asked permission to have Ray Bloch's 32-piece band record their "spot" announcement. . . . IATSE prexy Richard Walsh's wholehearted support of the drive, in the name of labor, and the tremendous spirit demonstrated by Solly Pernick, Tom Murtha and Sal Scappa in assembling all of the unions. Labor extended 1,000% understanding and active help. . . . The artists and writers who fashioned this program, and Rose Shirley's extraordinary pinch-hit job for Louis Sobol.

Nicholas M. Schenck's reply: "We'll have Van Johnson make the movie trailer. Joe Vogel will turn over the picture for the World Premiere, and you can have the Capitol Theatre." . . . With Marvin Schenck doing the follow-up job. . . . "My wife's group will start Ben Shalleck off with a $500 ticket order" said Gene Picker, of Loew's. . . ."Just tell me what you want: you can have anything I've got" said Toots Shor, his huge frame housing a heart as big as Toots himself. . . . The smile that never left the face of Dave Marx, no matter how many nights and days he put in for us. . . . The financial support of Sherman Billingsley, John Perona, Jack Solomon, Frank Erickson, Dick Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein. . . . Bill Corum's sports committee.

Mayor O'Dwyer's phone call, day after his heart attack: "I arranged it during your Heart Drive." . . . Quent Reynolds' unflagging interest: "I'll run errands if you want." . . . Surrogate William Collins' donation of $2,500 for tickets for the wounded from the National Democratic Club. The cocktail party at the club, with Jim Brannigan and Dick Flannagan working like Trojans to make it jell. . . . All the way through, with rare exceptions, this outpouring of generosity and goodwill.

♥ ♥ ♥

The tremendous job turned in by Municipal Judge Ben Shalleck, who handled our war Red Cross show ticket sale and racked up an all-time record of $249,000 in one night at Madison Square Garden. Judge Shalleck, Irving Geist, Sid Frankel, Ben Goldman, Marty Gross, and others of Ben's Young Men's Philanthropic League sold 4,400 tickets in this theatre tonight, in addition to selling pages and pages of ads in this program. . . . I'll never be able to tell Judge Shalleck the depth of our appreciation for another glowing job of good citizenship. . . . The atomic energy of Hy Gardner, who got autos to raffle in hotel lobbies. . . . The generosity of Morton Wolf, Hotel Delmonico operator, who gave us a $1,000 page ad, then gave us Judge Shalleck's ticket headquarters with a complete repaint job! And then called up and told us he'd sold two other $1,000 page ads. . . . The job done in the rayon field by Harold Bernstein, standout human.

Cornel Wilde, Basil Rathbone, Ethel Merman, John Garfield, Bill Robinson, Madeleine Carroll, Morton Downey, Henny Youngman, Phil Silvers, Mike Durso and all the other stars on Milton Berle's night club committee. . . . Hazel Scott, who said "sure, I'll appear at the Copa show, and my husband and I also want to contribute $1,000." . . . Sonja Henie's generosity, plus her appearance in this Capitol Theatre audience tonight. . . . Hank Greenberg, Ethel Merman, and Fred Waring, who added to the glamour of the "21" luncheon, and then, on the way out, quietly slipped us their checks for $500. . . . Jack Eigen and Fred Robbins and the rest of the disc jockeys, who told the world to open its heart. . . . Block and Sully, Maggi McNellis, Bill Talbert, and the rest of Dave Marx's Heart Brigade.

♥ ♥ ♥

Hollywood's wholehearted co-operation from Billy Wilkerson, Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Humphrey Bogart, Burt Lancaster, Eddie Cantor. . . . The work done out in Hollywood by Millie Considine, Bob's wife. . . . The overwhelming generosity of the Brothers Skouras — collections in their theatres, cash contributions, intense sympathy and support at every step from Spyros, George and Charlie, Bill White and the dynamic Nick Matsoukas. . . . The never-to-be-forgotten teamwork of Charlie Schlaifer, 20th Century-Fox overall advertising head: "Ernst Lubitsch died of a heart attack. In his memory, Darryl Zanuck wants us represented by a $1,000 page ad." . . . The clean-cut job by Van Johnson for the movie trailer produced by veteran Coaster Frank Whitbeck. . . . The energy of Universal's west coasters, Nate Blumberg, Leo Spitz and Billy Goetz, after the idea had been telephoned to them by Bob Goldstein.

♥ ♥ ♥

Tony Martin's offer to fly from Hollywood, Cal. to Miami Beach, Fla. for the "Heart" show at Walter Jacobs' Lord Tarleton Hotel, last week. . . . And a particular bow to our Miami Beach committee, Benny Gaines, Cy Shapiro, Jack Kofoed, Paul Bruun, Grace Wing. . . . A separate citation to Nadine Bandler, for her untiring work in organizing luncheons, raising moneys and getting reams of publicity for "Heart, 17." Through Mrs. Bandler's contacts, formed during her brilliant war work for the wounded, Texas Company's tall Jim Pipkin assembled the medical directors of the eight big oil companies, and drilled for important contributions. . . . The shining job accomplished by Theatre Guild's Joe Heidt, in the legitimate theatre field.

♥ ♥ ♥

All of this vast organization sprang into existence because of one girl, Louise Baer. She was the one who dreamed up the vision of a giant army of people of goodwill, laboring for this great cause. New York City tonight should let out a thunderous cheer for her, because without her, there would have been nothing.

Drawings by Frueh

"It's always the wrong man"

By Margaret Case Harriman

ONE of the first stories I remember my father telling me (and it wasn't new even then) was the one about Oliver Herford reading the notice of a friend's death on the bulletin-board at the Player's Club. Mr. Herford shook his head. "It's always the wrong man." he said sadly.

My father was Frank Case of the Algonquin. He died of a heart occlusion two years ago this June. People are apt to say to you, when someone you love dies suddenly of heart disease, "Well, it was the best way. It was quick. It was the way he would have chosen to go." They mean it kindly, but I can't help thinking that it is nonsense. I saw my father die, and I can tell you that there was nothing about dying that appealed to him at all. He was too young in heart, too debonair, too busy with living to be interested in death in any form whatever. To me, the cruel thing about heart disease is that it kills *too* quickly — and always too soon.

It has, in only a few years, killed more good men and women in their prime than we can afford to lose: Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Alex Woollcott, Frank Case, Mark Hellinger, and many others who were loved everywhere for what they did, but were mourned by us New Yorkers because we knew them and had been their friends. Always, it was the wrong man. Throughout the United States hundreds of thousands of other people die every year of heart disease — people less famous, perhaps, but just as well-known, for everyone is well-known to someone. For their families and friends, it must certainly be always the wrong man, too.

They say that well-loved people do not really die as long as we remember them, and I suppose that is true. My father's friends speak of him constantly, he is often mentioned on the air, and only three weeks ago the Herald-Tribune's This Week Magazine quoted his comment on a certain too-talkative woman: "When you ask her a question, it's like taking your finger out of a dike." It's nice to know that those we love can become legends after their death. But I think we might be willing to sacrifice even that — and maybe they would be willing, too — if only they could live just a little longer.

Painting from the Ohrbach Collection, "Art on the Square" by Thomas Hart Benton

"Hello Darling"

By Louella O. Parsons

NO NAME could be more appropriate than Mark Hellinger's on the honorary roster of the New York Heart Association, for everything that Mark ever did or said came straight from the heart.

And anything that is said about Mark comes from the heart of his friends.

Only a few people, while they live, radiate such magnetism that they never seem to die. Of these choice few was Hellinger. He so completely belonged to the day in which he lived that everything that can be said about him should be in the present tense.

That wonderful heart of his stopped functioning — but it hasn't stopped beating. When you think of him, you think of the words he wrote and spoke, "Hello, darling," he would say to all women from cafe society belles to the women who cleaned his office suites.

Without the slightest embarrassment, he called all men "darling," too. To even a big lug like Burt Lancaster, whom he discovered, he'd say, "Sleep tight tonight, darling. We don't want any bags showing in the close-ups tomorrow."

He wore black shirts and white ties and to him the cigarette-laden air of night clubs was fresher than the ozone of country lanes. With a big black cigar tilted in his mouth, he would sit up all night talking to whoever would sit up and talk — and there were plenty of them in Hollywood and New York.

He loved New York best — every skyscraper-lined canyon of it. He knew it by heart, hour by hour — particularly the hours after midnight.

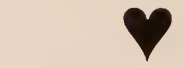
It always seemed a little ironic to him that his greatest success came in Hollywood "where they wake up to alarm clocks, of all things." He pretended to kid the sunshine and the "things growing on trees" — but it was "good for the kids — and if they can take it, so can Gladys and I."

Without saying anything much about it, his heart beat deepest for his little family — Gladys and the two adopted children. Everything he did, he did because he wanted them to be proud of him.

Not long ago, my husband and I sat in our home looking at Mark's last movie, "Naked City" and heard his wonderful voice narrating throughout the picture. It's a fine picture, but more than that, it's a great curtain, that never quite closes on the career of a great guy.

Mark hasn't really left us. He's just gone on a little ahead.

DAN PARKER



HEART trouble is what you make it. In the cases of Jimmie and Bill, it was hardly any trouble at all because they had plenty of heart.

Jimmie's name was a sports page headliner until a little over a year ago. The last time he made a banner line in the sports section was on the occasion of his exit from life's stage. Bill is still very much with us, rounding out a life span that would satisfy most of us, if we had anything to say about it.

Boxing fans everywhere knew Jimmie, scion of the Liverpool Johnstons. For well over a half century he was a prominent figure in the boxing world; first as a dealer of fives as they used to term exponents of the sweet science in his native land, and later as an uncommonly resourceful manager, an imaginative promoter and a raconteur almost on a par with his friend and patron, the late James J. Walker.

I know of no manager who could get more out of a mediocre fighter than Jimmie Johnston. He could convert a faint-hearted palooka into a rip-snorting terror, given enough time to whisper his abracadabra into the reluctant warrior's left ear. If there was an ounce of belligerence in the fellow's carcass, Jimmie could bring it out, intensified like a mouse's heart-beat over a loud speaker. Jimmie's fearlessness was contagious. A big hulk of a fighter, sizing up the truculent self-assurance of his pint-sized manager, couldn't help thinking: "If this little guy isn't afraid of anything, what right have I to show the white feather?"

Jimmie had angina pectoris for the last 15 years of his life but, unlike so many others afflicted with this heart ailment, he didn't "suffer" from it. By that I don't mean that he didn't have painful spells like everyone else thus afflicted, but rather, that he didn't let himself become an invalid and start feeling sorry for himself. With characteristically saucy defiance, he joked about his heart trouble and never let it become the motivating factor of his existence. Johnston never displayed a morbid desire to discuss his ailment, nor did he ever permit it to cloud his cheerful outlook.

During the war, he made scores of visits to hospitals, cheering the wounded soldiers with his devastating wit and entertaining them with racy anecdotes about the prize ring. Jimmie had passed his 70th milestone at that stage but, despite his heart condition and advanced years, he remained as spry as a spring lamb. When Jimmie's time finally arrived, after a long, full life in which he enjoyed all the blessings that come to a man who loves his family, he was watching a boxing show. If he had written the script himself, he couldn't have improved on it. Complaining he felt tired, he was taken home by a friend and without any evidence of suffering, passed on to join his forefathers. He had lived with heart trouble as a friend, and it was his friend to the end. There is no evidence that it shortened his life or made it one iota less enjoyable.

Bill Wallace, the other "case history," is a former department store executive from my home town. A decade ago a heart condition forced him to retire. After an active career in business and politics, Bill might have folded up and surrendered to his new master with nothing to do but think about himself and, perhaps, start feeling sorry for himself. But that wasn't on Bill's agenda. He went to live with his married daughter on a farm outside the city where he had been so successful. But the idea of "living on" someone else didn't appeal to him. Soon his wife noticed that he was reading books on architecture, carpentry, plumbing, stone masonry, and other branches of the building trade. Her curiosity aroused, she asked Bill what he was up to, reading such outlandish stuff when he might be enjoying the works on fiction, biography, history, etc., with which their library abounded.

"Ma, we're going to have our own little cottage," he said.

If Ma didn't know her Bill's capabilities, she might have laughed. But they had celebrated their golden wedding and after 50 years, a man has no secrets from his wife.

I called on Bill last summer and, with pardonable pride, he received me in his "dream house" — a remarkable little structure a few hundred yards behind the home of his daughter and son-in-law. Every nail in this over-sized doll-house was driven by Bill. Every board was planed and fitted by him. He laid the stone for the foundation. The plumbing fixtures were installed by him. He wired the house for electricity. All the painting, papering and varnishing was done by him. It should go without saying that he drew the plans. Never have I seen a house in which space was used to better advantage and more economically.

Bill's "dream house" gave him something to live for when he should have been sitting back, awaiting the call. There were times when he had to take long rests to get his breath; sometimes he even had to take to his bed for a few days. But Bill has been living in his dream house now for several years. And, just to keep his interest alive, he is always finding something to improve; some new gadget to install that will keep his mind off himself. Bill, while making his dream come true, discovered the best medicine for his heart ailment, and converted what could have been a dreary siege of illness into what he calls one of the most enjoyable periods of his life.

CITY OF NEW YORK
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

February 19, 1948

Heart disease is the number one killer in New York and other cities of this nation. I have been informed by the New York Heart Campaign that the death rate from this disease has more than doubled since 1900.

In 1947 New York's heart disease rate was 400.2 per 100.000 of the population and thousands of our residents are today suffering with some form of heart disease.

The 1948 campaign of the New York Heart Campaign is the start of an all out battle to defeat this killer, therefore I call on all New Yorkers interested in fighting for public health to join me in a great Cardiac Crusade.

MAYOR

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

THOMAS E. DEWEY
GOVERNOR

February 10, 1948

Mr. Ed Sullivan, Chairman
Entertainment Committee
New York Heart Campaign
270 Park Avenue
New York 17, New York

Dear Ed:

I am happy to send warm greetings to the members of the Entertainment Committee of the New York Heart Association's campaign. Any measure, any project which encourages and promotes the activities of this Association deserves only the best of support.

It happens that the heart specialists of New York City came to me some two years ago and asked me to call the first meeting for this work. I did so and through many private meetings, it was organized and the present great organization was launched as a result. Along with the American Heart Association, the New York Heart Association has already accomplished much good, in addition to its research, by spreading information concerning heart disease and rheumatic fever.

A first step essential to meeting this problem is the removal of the wide-spread ignorance on the subject. It is only recently that we have begun to realize how important a problem this is in medicine and public health. In the attention given to other afflictions, we have been inclined to lose sight of the fact that heart diseases cause more deaths than any other and also cause a greater number of days lost from work. One person dies every minute in the United States from diseases of the heart and circulation.

I take pleasure, therefore, in wishing you Godspeed in the share that you have undertaken of this important and vital task.

With kindest regards and best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Thomas E. Dewey

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Chairman

MILTON BERLE
"King of Hearts"

MRS. LOUISE BAER
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★

Tonight makes Broadway history; it couldn't have happened without the courage, the loyalty and the drive of BOB LODGE.

Gratefully,

ED AND LOUISE

For The Entertainment Committee

OUR appreciation and warm thanks to the writers and artists who so willingly gave of their talents, and to all others too numerous to recount who contributed in such full measure to make this publication possible.

LOUIS SOBOL
Honorary Editor

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN
Honorary Art Editor

♥

COVER PAINTING ———————— Courtesy General Foods

Times Square, by Alfred Mira — His "Crossroads," and other paintings, have been exhibited at the Carnegie Institute, the Corcoran Gallery of Art, and the Metropolitan Museum.

PHOTOGRAPHS by Weegee ——— Photographer and philosopher, Weegee's famous camera record of New York entitled "Naked City" was the inspiration for the name of Mark Hellinger's last and greatest film. Pictures from Weegee's "Naked City" are spotted throughout this book.

CONTEMPORARY PAINTINGS of New York: the Nathan M. Ohrbach Collection made available a number of superb reproductions of scenes which are etched in the hearts and memories of everyone.

MYRON EICHLER
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TONY ASCHERL
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♥

Cover page contributed

by

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M O N T E

C A R L O

As a tribute to his first American director

Ernst Lubitsch

MAURICE CHEVALIER

and Arthur Lesser are giving all proceeds of the French star's last New York concert of the season at the John Golden Theatre, Sunday night, March 28, to the New York Heart Campaign.

Appreciatively,

THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

GEORGE & ELIZABETH FRANKEL

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IN MEMORY

of a great personality and
a great film maker,
20th Century-Fox joins
in this salute to
Mark Hellinger.

Support of the
New York Heart Campaign
is a lasting tribute
to his name.

Whenever we've needed help in any great drive, in war or peace, we have turned to the unions and the men and women of Labor — not pleadingly but as partners in something that required doing.

Once again, as demonstrated in small part on the following pages, Labor has responded magnificently.

Ed Sullivan

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IN APPRECIATION

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for telling our story to the

movie-goers of the country.

♥

To the Capitol Theatre for making possible tonight's performance of "The Naked City"

♥

SALUTE TO THE WOUNDED

1000 disabled veterans are attending this performance because of the great heart of these people.

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Our deep appreciation

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and Jack Entratta

for making possible

"Heart Night"

at the Copacabana

and to Jack Eigen

for his broadcasts from

the Copa Lounge.

The Entertainment Committee

We appreciate this opportunity to participate in the magnificent work that is being done by the New York Heart Association

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The world is a poorer

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Let not our hearts

be troubled.

FRED WARING

ESTABLISHED 1858
BEDS 20

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It is almost as good

as the man who produced it.

Billy Rose

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To a newspaperman who

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To

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of

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To Mark Hellinger

——————— in memory

of a great fellow.

Leo Lindy

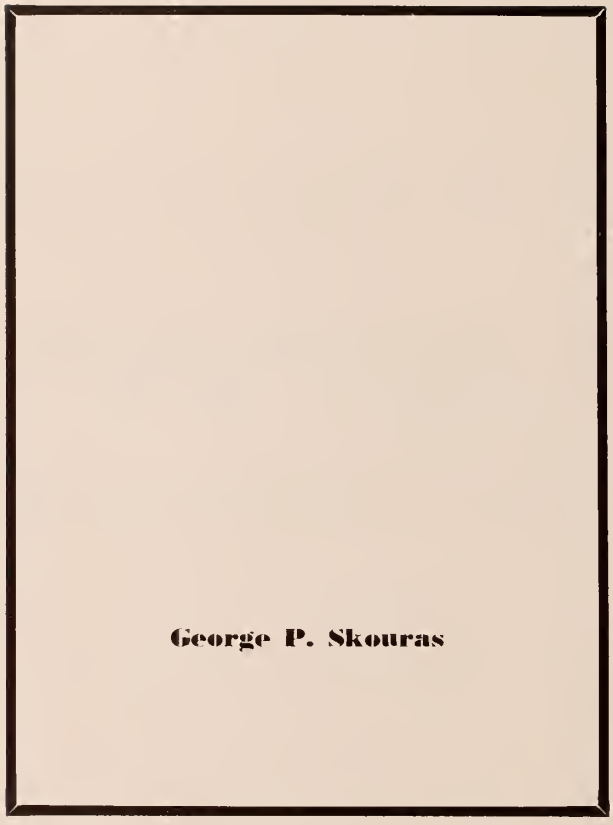
Walter T. Shirley,

To all of you who made

the No. 1 killer the No. 1

cause.—Congratulations!

HARRY BRANDT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TO MARK

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There's many a heart that beats for you, Mark—

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Our Appreciation to

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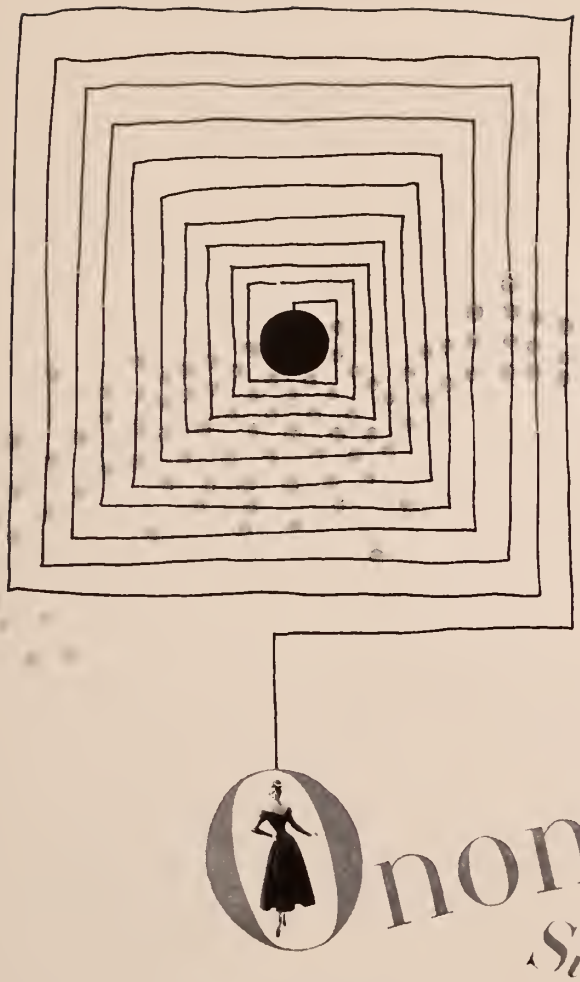

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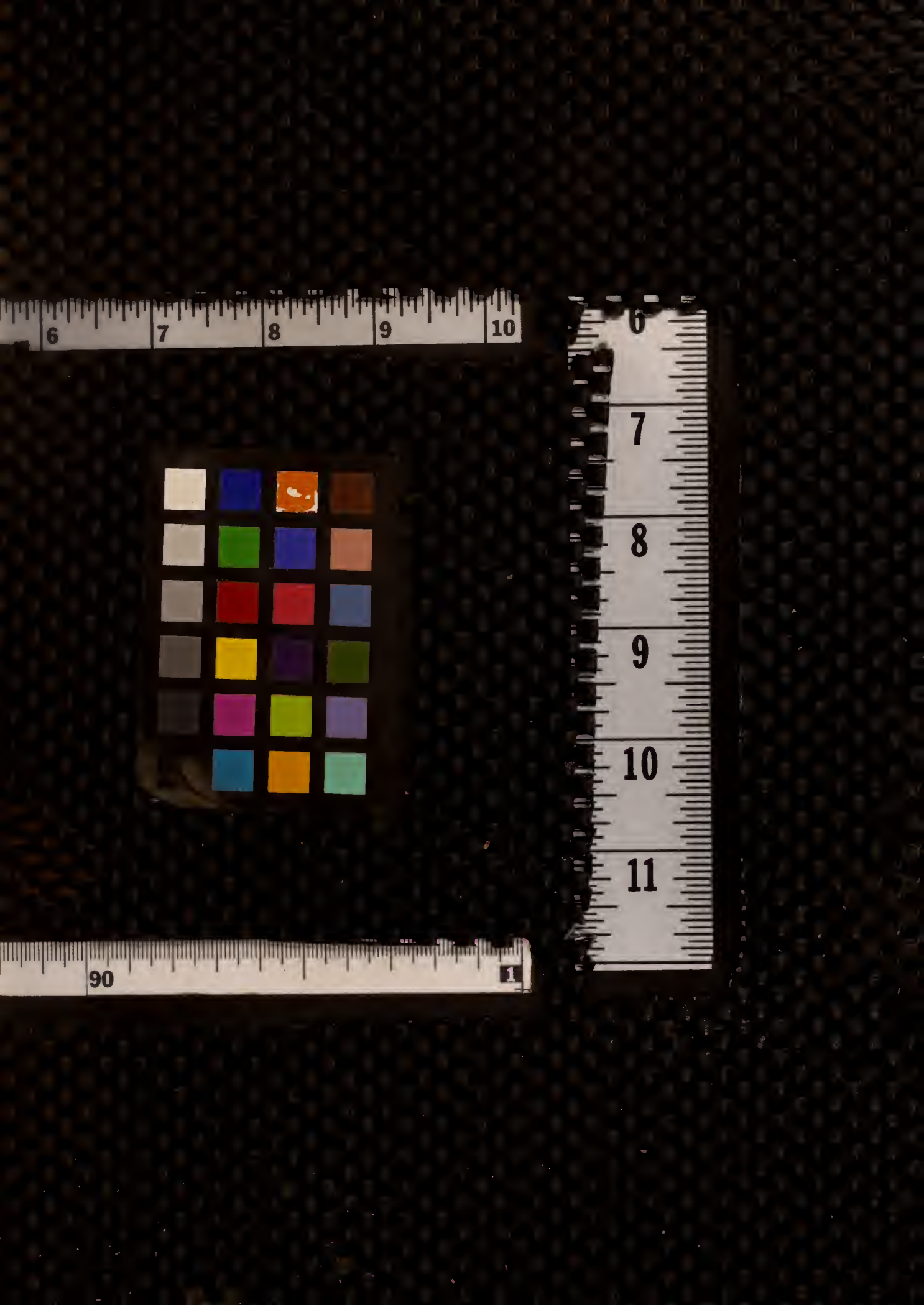
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